ENGLAND's

REFORMATION,

(From the Time of K. HENRY VIII. to the End of OATES's Plot.)

A

POEM

IN

Four CANTOS.

VOLUME II.

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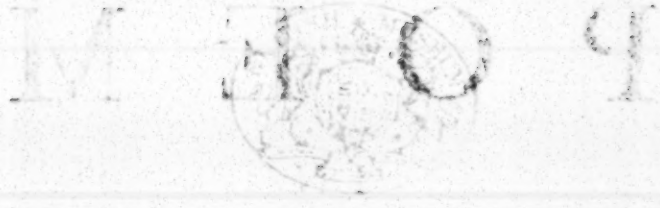

And tho' the Devil ſhun the *Croſs*,
As did the *Angel Balaam's* Aſs,
Yet nought can make us more ſecure
Than what we have, the *Goſpel-pure*.
Nay tho' they ſay *Redemption* was
Accompliſhed upon a *Croſs*,
And, if we will believe 'em, can
Prove it the *Sign o'th' Son of Man*,
Which at the laſt Day we ſhall ſee
Come in the Clouds in Majeſty,
Yet give no Ear, beloved, pray-ye,
Nor let their Arguments diſmay-ye,
But ſlight what ever they can ſay
In its Defence, and throw't away.
Nor *croſs* your little Children more
When they're baptiz'd but give it o'er.
Is't fit that we ſhou'd e'er come nigh it,
When ev'n the Devil himſelf does fly it?

To give the *Bride* a Wedding Ring
Is an abominable thing;
Worſe than the Wedding of the Sea-is
By ſuperſtitious Dukes of *Venice*,
Who with great Ceremony fling
Into the Sea a little Ring,
Holding from that Day during Life
The Gulf for Spouſe (the better Wife)
But, *With my Body I thee worſhip!*
Lord, what Idolatry in Courtſhip!
'Tis next adoring Stock or Stone,
For Woman's but a moving one.
What Man is then ſo dull a Clod
To think his Wife a living *God*?
Why therefore ſhou'd he, in this manner,
The mighty Lord of Hoſts diſhonour,
And give a Woman what, in fine,
Is due to God, Worſhip Divine?
Papiſts themſelves will never grant
GOD's Worſhip to the *higheſt Saint*;

Shall we then, who lead pureſt Lives,
Make *Common Idols* of our Wives?
Adore not therefore ſuch a one,
The Goſpel, we rely upon,
Bids us to *Honour God alone.*
But worſhip Women! O beloved,
We find no Bible-Text to prove it.

Good-Friday's Faſt, and *Chriſtmas Feaſt*,
Are not in holy Writ expreſt.
The *Faſt of Lent*, that old Tradition,
Is but a Popiſh Superſtition.
'Tis true they're of an ancient ſtanding,
And from th' *Apoſtles* came by handing
Down to our Times, as we muſt own,
'Cauſe no beginning of 'em's known.
But, dear beloved, what o' that,
Since they are not in *Scripture* ſet.
For keeping of thoſe Days they call
The Feaſt of *Peter*, *John* and *Paul*,
Of *Mary*, *Thomas*, *Philip*, *James*,
And all that Calender of Names
That in the Common-Prayer-Book ſtand,
We find in Scripture no Command.

Baker tells us, that *Coleman*, *Burton*, *Hallingham*, *Benſon* and others, making Profeſſion of the *pure* Religion, would allow of nothing but what was directly taken out of Scripture; openly condemning the received Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, together with the Church *Liturgy*, and the very Calling of Biſhops, as ſavouring too much of the *Romiſh* Religion; proteſting in the Pulpits that it was an impious Thing to hold any thing in common with the Church of *Rome*: And uſed all Diligence to have the Church of *England* reformed in every Point according to the Church of *Geneva*. *Chron.* p. 357.

Nor

Nor is there one Text in the Bible
That bids us any Day keep idle,
Unleſs the *Sabbath*: And for it
In (*n*) *Exodus* there's ſomething writ,
But in that Text it is expreſt
That we may labour all the reſt:
'Tis true, the Day we *Sabbath* call,
Is, of the Sev'n, the *Laſt* of all,
Th' Ungodly call it *Saturday*,
They work on't, and on Sunday pray;
So we: In *them* it is a Breach
Of what the holy Scriptures teach:
But not in *Us*. 'Tis true we find
It has been held Time out of Mind.
Tho' ſome will ſay, if this we grant,
'Twill authoriſe the *Feaſt* of many a *Saint*:
Well, well, beloved, tho' they do,
Yet in your Anſwer let 'em know,
That, *To the Lord's Elected all things*
Are free, the great and eke the ſmall things,
So that the *Saints* may well allow
What the *Ungodly* muſt not do.

The bowing at the *Name* of *JESUS*.
(A Popiſh Cuſtom) does not pleaſe us:
For what's a Name but a bare Sound?
And where is any Scripture found
That bids us worſhip Sounds of Words?
The *Bible* no ſuch Text affords.
Or when we read the Character,
What ſee we but an *Image* there?
Or ſomething upon Paper printed,
By which our *Saviour*'s repreſented.
Which in effect is juſt the ſame
With that which we an *Image* name;
For to th' Imagination both
The ſame thing repreſent in Troth.

(*n*) *Exodus* 20.

If we ſhould then bow when we frame
Thoughts of him from the Sound of *Name*,
Or *Name* expreſſed by the Letter,
Pray what are we beloved, better
Than Papiſts? For they do no more
But in his *Name* and *Image* him adore.
And if this then in Papiſts be,
As we affirm, Idolatry,
The ſame it needs muſt be in *Us*
To worſhip J-E-S-U-S.
We know 'tis ſaid *All Knees ſhall bow*
In Heaven, Earth, and Hell below
At naming of this *Sacred Name*.
Yet ſurely we ſhall be to blame,
If we ſtand cringing every foot
The Common-Prayer-Book puts us to't:
And if not always when we hear it,
Why ſhould we bow at all, or fear it?
We own indeed, the Devils *fear*
And tremble, when this *Name* they hear,
And could be glad 'twere in their Nature
To *love him* too: But that's no matter.
We're not ſo fond as t' imitate
Thoſe *Fiends*, we rather ought to hate.
Beloved, let us then give o'er,
And never worſhip JESUS more.

Beſides, this Common-Prayer-Book peſters
Us with a thouſand antick Geſtures;
As kneeling when we take Communion;
A thing as fond, in our Opinion,
As if we ſhould fall on our Knees
When we at home eat *Bread and Cheeſe*,
For certainly you're not ſo mad
To think the *Bread* and *Wine* a God.
Why therefore kneel you down before it,
Or ſhew as if you did *adore* it?
In our Conceits it is more proper
To take it ſitting on your Crupper,

As

As you are wont your other Meat,
When you at home your Dinners eat.
The *Papiſts* have a better Plea
Than you; when they adore't, they ſay
It is no longer Bread and Wine,
But *changed* by the *Word Divine*
Into the *Body* of our Lord;
And therefore *ought* to be ador'd.
We muſt confeſs Chriſt promiſed
To give to us his *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
To *eat* and *drink*, that thereby we
Might with himſelf *united* be,
And afterwards, (but who'll believe it?)
Made good his Promiſe and *did* give it.
For verily there is a Text
That ſays, when he the Species bleſt,
This is my Body, this my Blood. (*o*)
But this muſt not be underſtood
As *Papiſts* take it, for a *Truth*,
Tho' ſpoken by our *Saviour*'s Mouth:
For from another Text as plain
We partly thus object again,
How can this Man give us to eat
His Fleſh and Blood, for Drink and Meat? (*p*)
And this Authority's enough
To over-weigh the other Proof,
Becauſe the *Jews* were thinking Men,
And Chriſt but One, when they were Ten,
Perhaps a Dozen, or a Score,
It matters not if leſs or more,
For they by far out-number'd him:
And where moſt *Votes* are, ſide with them.

Gowns, Rochets, Lawn-Sleeves, and that Gear,
Which Biſhops and their Clergy wear,

(*o*) St. *Matth.* 26.
(*p*) St. *John* 6.

Have no Authority at all
In Scripture: But we read that *Paul*
Wore a ſhort Cloak upon his Back
At *holding forth*: It's Colour Black,
As we ſuppoſe, or Grey, or Brown:
For this in Scripture's not put down.
Yet plain it is, as to its Shape,
'Twas like a Mantle with a Cape:
Which, when at *Epheſus* forgot,
We judge, he held forth in his Coat.
So that, dearly belov'd, of theſe,
Cloak, *Mantle*, *Coat*, take which you pleaſe,
But never uſe that vain Attire
Which the proud Clergy ſo admire.
Nor do their Trappings only grieve us,
Their *Tyranny* is moſt miſchievous:
They keep our *Kirks* now under more
Than all the *Popes* did heretofore;
Pretending to a Juriſdiction.
By *Right Divine* from their *Election*;
And exerciſe Dominion o'er
Us *Preſbyters*, with boundleſs Power;
Not ſuff'ring us to pray or preach
But in dry Forms, that they muſt teach
In Common-Prayers and Homilies,
And any other way they pleaſe;
As if from them, and not the Lord,
The *Saints* were to receive the Word.
Whereas the *Elect* now are free
To practiſe *Goſpel-Liberty*,
And not to have the *Spirit* ſtinted
By Forms which Human Art invented.
'Tis true (If all be true that's ſaid)
A certain *Form* of Pray'r was made,
And in plain Words, by Chriſt himſelf
Taught and deliver'd to the Twelve:
But, Brethren, tho' Chriſt did ſo much,
'Twas in the *Childhood* of the Church,

When

When his Apoſtles knew not how
To pray by *Inward-light*, as we do now.
Forms deafen the predeſtin'd Ears,
But never cauſe Soul-melting Tears,
As thoſe are wont, of ſpecial Worth
Which we *extempore* breath forth
From an inflam'd Zeal-burning Mind
Sufflated by the (*q*) *Holy Wind*.

And which is worſe than all that's noted,
When our young Siſters, well devoted,
Chance (as they call't) to go aſtray,
That is, with Godly Brothers play.
Their *Spy-knaves* have no better Sport
Than to inform the Biſhop's Court:
From whence comes out firſt a *Citation*,
And then an *Excommunication*.
And when at laſt they get you in
They'll fleece you to the very Skin;
And when the Stock you have is done,
You muſt do Penance, not till then;
But, Brethren, who can ſuffer this,
When not a Saint but has his *Miſs*?
'Tis therefore fitting we begin
To oppoſe thoſe mighty Men of Sin,
Till they are willing to incline
To better Form of *Diſcipline*,
And caſt their *Common-Prayer* away,
With all its *Stubble*, *Wood*, and *Hay*.
Th' Effect of what they preached thus
Quickly appear'd, and thus it was.

The chiefeſt Heads of all their Sect
Did a (*r*) *Presbytery* erect. Which

(*q*) In their firſt Bibles they call'd the Spirit of God, the *Wind* of God; the Holy-Ghoſt, the *Holy-Wind*.

(*r*) A Presbytery was erected on the 20*th* of *November*

Which grand Aſſembly I conceive
To be a Company of grave
Gray-bearded *Elders*, the moſt ſage
Their Sect afforded in that Age;
Men not unlike (if right I gueſs)
Old Inn-keepers among the *Swiſs*.
These being in Aſſembly met,
Of all their Wits made one huge Wit,
Which ſet to work, fell to refine
Their *Worſhip*, *Prayer*, and *Diſcipline*,
Till theſe could eaſily endure
A *Bible Teſt*; for they were pure.
To all the *Kirks* they ſent Commands-forth,
Entitled *Orders made at* Wandſworth:

For

November 1572, at a ſmall Village in *Surrey* called *Wandſworth*: The firſt Eſtabliſhment they endorſed by the Name of *the Orders of Wandſworth*; in which the Elders Names are agreed on, the Manner of Election declared, the Approvers of them, their Officers agreed on alſo, and deſcribed. Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton* was at that time in ſpecial Favour, of known Averſneſs to the Earl of *Leiceſter*, and conſequently no Friend to *the Puritan Faction*. This Obſtacle muſt be removed one way or other. This Office *Burchet* undertakes upon this Opinion; *That it was lawful to aſſaſſinate any Man who oppoſed the Goſpel*: But he miſtakes the Man, and ſtabs one *Hawkins* deſperately with a Ponyard, conceiving him to be *Hatton*: But by the Terror of a Proclamation, and the Execution of this *Burchet*, they were reſtrained from Practiſing any further; *Hiſt. Collections*, p. 310. he cites *Heylyn's Hiſtory of Presbytery*. This Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton* was Captain of the Guard, Vice-chamberlain, one of the Privy-council, and was made Lord-Chancelor, &c. *See* Howes *upon* Stow, p. 741.

For *Wandſworth* was the famous Place
Where this *Convention* formed was.
All the Affairs this Council ſat on
Oppoſed were by one Sir *Hatton*;
A mighty Man that time in Court,
And *Chancellor*, as ſome Report,
Nor was there any noble *Peer*
Had more than he Queen *Beſs*'s Ear.
Nothing could be at *Wandſworth* hatched,
But *Hatton* had a way to catch it:
What *Leic'ſter*, *Knolles* or *Walſingham*
Promoted, *Hatton* croſs'd the ſame:
The *Wandſworth* Sages this perceiving,
Fell all a Plotting and Contriving
How to remove without delay
This Block of Courtier out of th' way,
But found it could not well be done,
Without *Aſſaſſination*.
The Caſe of Conſcience fairly ſtated,
And by their *Caſuiſts* debated,
" Whether 'twere lawful to take Life
" Upon th' Account of Goſpel Strife?
With one Conſent they anſwer give,
Deciding in the *Affirmative*,
By Dictate of their inward Light;
And ſo reſolv'd to kill the Knight.
To do the bloody Deed they pitched
On a grim Ruffian called *Burchet*.
One pure from Sin, and worldly Fortune:
Yet wore a Dagger, but a ſhort one.
The deſp'rate Tool had it's Abode
Under a Cloak of th' Elect Mode,
Which always kept it out of ſight;
Thus arm'd he goes in queſt of Knight.
But meeting in convenient Place
One *Hawkins*, both in Garb and Face
Like *Hatton*; *Burchet* falls to work,
And does in *Hawkins* ſtick his Durk.

It was not long before Report
Reach'd all the Ears in Town and Court,
And gave Account what *Burchet* did:
(Such Deeds as this are ſeldom hid)
Who being ſeiz'd and clapt in Fetters
Diſcover'd his *Wandſworth* Abbettors;
And told the Arguments they brought,
That moved him (poor Fool) to do't
In ſhort they hang'd him for his Wages,
And drave out all the *Wandſworth* Sages.

This bloody Deed, and dreadful Clamour
Made *Beſs* (as it indeed became her)
To *ſtir her Stumps* and look about her
At things within, and things without-door;
And ſettle in th' Archbiſhop's Chair
Old *Whitgift*, with his Common-Prayer;
With Orders to reform Abuſes,
Both in the Church and private Houſes.
But 'ere, good Man, he would be ſeen
In *Primate's* Chair, the *Pontiff*-Queen;
Was pleas'd (if all be true that's ſaid)
To lay her *Hands* upon his *Head*.
Quoth he, your (ſ) Majeſty (and kneel'd)
Head of our Church is, therefore yield
To *Conſecrate* me: For your Power
Is *more* than *PETER's* I am ſure,
At leaſt to *Us*, divided from
The *Apoſtolick See* of *Rome*,
On your bleſs'd Brow is ſtamp'd the Mark
Of Pope and ſupream Patriarch:
At this the Queen her *Ear inclin'd*,
And with ſweet Looks and Speeches kind
Told him, ſhe took it well, that he
Regarded her *Supremacy*.

For,

(ſ) See an old Book call'd, *The Catholick Apology*; writ long before that of the Lord *Caſtlemain's*, which has the ſame Title.

For, tho' a Woman, I am ſure,
Says ſhe, the *Pope* has no ſuch Power.
For by our Doctrine it is plain
The *Prince* (*tho' Female*) may *Ordain*,
Abſolve, and *Conſecration* give:
Which if you cannot well believe,
Behold the *Keys* for your Conviction,
Of *Order*, and of *Juriſdiction*,
Which did belong to two late Kings,
I carry at my Apron-ſtrings.
She ſaid, and look'd down to her Knees,
Where the Authoritative *Keys*
Hung both together in Chain,
Such as *Dutch Ufrouws*, hang 'em in:
Which having reach'd, ſhe let him ſee
Firſt one, and then the other Key;
Aſſuring him they were the ſame,
That from her Predeceſſors came.
By *Ned* and *Harry* wreſted from
The *Pope*, when they made *War* with *Rome*.
He own'd they were, and ſaid he knew 'em,
She needed not take Pains to ſhew 'em.
At which her Majeſty expands
The Thumbs and Fingers of her Hands;
And in a ſolemn Manner laid
All her ten *Digits* on his Head;
Holding them there till ſhe had done
Theſe Words of Juriſdiction.
" Take thou (*t*) Authority to *Preach*
" God's Word ſincerely, and to *Teach*

" Or

(*t*) The Queen acquaints *Whitgift* that ſhe determin'd to diſcharge her ſelf from the Trouble of all Church Government, and leave them wholly to his Care; but that notwithſtanding he muſt reſolve not only to aſſert the Epiſcopal Power, but alſo to reſtore the *Uniformity* in Worſhip. *Hiſt. Coll.* p. 316. from *Heylyn*'s Hiſtory of Presbytery, P. 302.

" Or *Force* the People to become
" In Faith and Worſhip uniform,
" To *bind* and *looſe* take thou the *Keys*,
" And rule thy *Flock* by *awful* Ways.

This ſaid, She bad the Biſhop's Grace
To *Canterbury* hye a-pace,
And ſee who durſt his Power oppoſe;
Then up the potent Prelate roſe,
And fell, by ſtrong compulſive Power,
To mend what was amiſs before.
Conformity to ſuch a Stretch
He ſcrew'd, that wider grew the Breach:
For thoſe who ſeem'd conjoin'd of late
In the ſame *Chaos*, ſeparate,
As not content to keep in *Union*
Upon ſuch hard Terms of Communion:
But rather chooſe to quit the *Steeple*,
And preach in *Barns* among the People.
Whilſt *Whitgift*, on the other Side,
Permited none in *Kirk* to bide,
That durſt refuſe his *Common-Prayer*,
Or the leaſt Ceremony there:
But ſharply laſh'd 'em all away,
With his nine-tail'd *Anathema*;
A ſort of *Whip* before untry'd
Upon a *Puritan's* Back-ſide.

(*a*) This treating of 'em thus ſeverely,
Set 'em a praying late and early,
That ſome great De'el would break his Neck;
Or, *Korah*-like, Earth eat him quick.

With

(*a*) The Brethren moved Heaven and Earth, the Court and Country, and all the Clergy and Laity to come to their Aſſiſtance in this Time of their Trial. By Means whereof they raiſed ſo ſtrong an Oppoſition againſt *Whitgift*'s Proceedings, that it put him to great Difficulties.

With greater Fury now than ever
To croſs his Meaſures they endeavour;
Set Pen and Ink, and (*a*) *Beal* to work.
Beal was a keen and active Spark
In hunting Jeſuits up and down,
And ſeeking *Prieſts* o'er all the Town;
Which Property, as *Leiceſter* ſaid,
Was all the good Tricks that he had.
Yet was his Talent more than this,
He hated *Proteſtants* no leſs;
For, all their *Biſhops* and their *Prieſts*
He took for little *Antichriſts*.
This moved *Walſingham* and *Leiceſter*
To egg on that fell Cur to peſter
Old Biſhop *Whitgift*, by exclaiming,
By writing, railing, and defaming
Church-Government, and Common-Prayer,
And the ſtrange Garb their Biſhops wear.
Which *Beal* performed in ſuch ſort,
As pleas'd the Puritans at Court.
His Deeds could not have by the Queen
At any rate been overſeen,
If *Leiceſter*, *North*, with *Walſingham*
And *Knolles*, had not protected him:

For

(*a*) Some Great Men about the Court, who had engaged themſelves in the *Puritan* Quarrels, thought beſt to ſtand a while behind the Curtain, and ſet *Beal* upon him, of whoſe Impetuoſity and Edge againſt him they were well aſſured. This *Beal* was in himſelf a moſt eager *Puritan*, train'd up by *Walſingham*, to draw dry Foot after *Prieſts* and *Jeſuits*, his extream Hatred to thoſe Men being look'd on as the only good Quality that he could pretend to. He conceived that the Biſhops were to be eſteemed no other than the Sons of Antichriſt. *See* Heylyn's *Hiſtory of Presbytery*, p. 302. apud *Hiſt. Col.* p. 317.

For when Complaints againſt him came,
As ſoon as *Beſſy* heard his Name,
She'd anſwer, *Never mind fond* Beal,
His Indiſcretion ſprings from Zeal.
Thus wink'd at, and encourag'd, he
Grew inſolent to th' high'ſt degree,
And claw'd old *Whitgift* and his *Surplice*,
And *Common-Pray'r* Book to a Purpoſe.
Nor was it only *Beal* alone,
For the whole Brotherhood fell on,
Grappling with *Whitgift*, with Intent
To wreſt from him Church-Government.
But finding 'twould not do by Force,
Reſolve to ſteer another Courſe.
In (*b*) *Grindal's* Days came flocking hither
Swedes, *Dutch*, and *Danes*, in Sholes together,
French Hugonots, *Genevans* too,
Such as have little elſe to do
But ſeek their Bread in Foreign Lands,
Under the Trade of Vagabonds.
Calvin, *Knox*, *Beza*, *Peter Martyr*,
Blew loud from the *Genevan* Quarter,
Deſiring all to fall to work
In modelling the *Engliſh Kirk*.

Letters

(*b*) By *Calvin's* Letters to *Grindal*, and the Friends they had about the Queen, Way was given to ſuch of the *French* Nation as had repaired hither, to enjoy the Freedom of their own Religion, to have a Church unto themſelves. They could not but remember thoſe many Advantages which *John a Laſco*, and his Church of Strangers, afforded to the *Zuinglian Goſpellers*, in the Reign of King *Edward* the Sixth. They got a *French* Church ſettled upon *Calvin's* Principles, in *London*. Upon the News of this Succeſs, both *French* and *Dutch* repaired into *England*, planting themſelves in the Sea-Towns, and openly profeſſing the Reform'd Reli-

Letters they write, in preſſing ſort,
To ſev'ral Grandees of the Court,
That they would move the *Female Head*
To pity the *Genevan Breed*,
That were come hither from afar
To beg ſome o'er-worn Houſe of Prayer,
As *John a Lasko* did of late,
When bleſſed *Edward* rul'd the State.
This *John* brought o'er a Crew of *Poles*
Of Bodies lean, but *ſtarved* Souls,
'Till they got Kirks wherein to eat,
From *Lasko's* Mouth, the *Goſpel-Meat*;
Ned gives the *Savoy* to the Men,
To feed both Souls and Bodies in,
Who ſoon got each a double Chin.
Now they, from Hope of like Succeſs,
Beg the like Favour of Queen *Beſs*;
And that her Highneſs wou'd allow 'em,
By granting publick Churches to 'em,
Freely to preach God's Holy Word
As they receiv'd it from the Lord.
Leiceſter, and *Knolles* and *Walſingham*,
In *Calvin's*, *Knox's*, and *Beza's* Name,
Beg her to yield to their Requeſt,
And Churches grant to their Oppreſt.

How can I yield to this? quoth She;
Their Faith and Ours do not agree,
Their Worſhip and their Diſcipline
Can never ſuit (ye know) with mine.

Religion; under which Covert they diſguiſed their ſeveral Heterodoxies, and blaſphemous Dotages; all endeavouring to diſperſe their heretical Doctrines, and to empoiſon the People. They erected many *French* and *Dutch* Churches in the maritime Ports, which they infected with ſome of their Phrenſies, See *Hiſt. Collect.* out of *Heylyn's Hiſt. Presb.* p. 270,

Madam, quoth *Cecil*, give me leave
To ſpeak a Word or two; You have.
My Lord (quoth *Elizabeth*) go on.
Says he, thoſe Men's *Religion*,
'Tis true, from Our's differs quite,
Yet notwithſtanding, both are right:
Their's right to *Them*, ſo (*c*) *Our's* to *Us*,
Which eaſily is proved thus;
By Their Faith *They*, by Our *We*
Are Sav'd, as *our Divines* agree:
Hence certainly both Faiths are true,
For *Falſe* Faith cannot Save, you know.
God's Word to divers People hath
Reveal'd quite different Points of Faith;
Nay, tho' both true, ſometimes they vary
So far as to be quite contrary,
So *Luther's Conſubſtantiation*
God ne'er reveal'd to the *Helvetian*
Nor to the *Scotch* or *Engliſh Nation*:
Yet by the *Saxon*, *Dane*, and *Swede*,
'Tis held the beſt Point in their Creed;
And by *the Book of God* reveal'd
To them, tho' yet from Us conceal'd.
So thoſe who do deny the ſame,
The contrary's as *true* to them.

And thus, thro' ev'ry Article
Of Faith, all may hold what they will.

Pro-

(*c*) Mr. *John Chamberlayne*, in his *Preſent State of England*, Edit. 21. Printed in 1704, agrees well with this Diſcourſe of *Cecil's*. 'The Church of 'England, ſays he, is truly tranſcendent: It hath 'the grand Mark of the true Church, which moſt 'European Churches ſeem to want, and that is Cha-'rity towards other Churches: For it doth not ſo 'engroſs Heaven to its own Profeſſors, as to damn 'all others to Hell. Page 54.

Provided that all Sides agree
To damn the *Pope* and *Popery*.
And this I'm ſure thoſe Strangers do,
As much as either I or You.
Beſides, what Point to Day is true,
Perhaps to Morrow is not ſo.
For when the *contrary's* reveal'd,
By it the former Truth's repeal'd:
For Inſtance, my own Faith has been
Juſt what wou'd pleaſe the King, or Queen.
For when but young, it is confeſt,
I was brought up by a Romaniſt;
But when King *Harry* fell from *Rome*,
And got a new Faith made at Home,
I to his Judgment did incline;
And as *His* Faith chang'd, ſo did mine.
He dead, the Child his Son, King *Ned*,
His Father's Faith aboliſhed,
And made a new one of his own;
I was of this, while't pleas'd the Crown:
But when Queen *Mary* came to reign,
I was a *Catholick* again;
And when your Grace came to the *Throne*,
I follow'd your Religion.
The Cauſe of changing in this Faſhion,
Was in each Reign *freſh Revelation*.
You muſt confeſs, that while they ſtood,
Each diff'rent Faith was very *good*,
Wholſom and *Saving* in its Day,
'Gainſt this the Queen found nought to ſay,
But yields and publick Churches grants
To thoſe *Calvinian Errant Saints*.

By this means *Engliſh* Presbyters,
Under the Cloak of Foreigners,
Got alſo publick Churches here,
Maugre Old *Whitgift* and his Prayer;
And, in ſhort Space, their Off-ſpring grew
To be a mighty num'rous Crew,

In all *Sea Ports* up Churches ſprung,
Stor'd with a pure and zealous Throng,
That were prepar'd, on all Occaſions,
To vex poor *Whitgift* with Invaſions.
Tho' to this vaſt prodigious Bigneſs
Their Body grew in Length and Thickneſs,
Yet had it not a common *Head*;
And, wanting this, a Body's dead:
The Elders, who conſider'd this
And ſcorned ſuch an *Head* as *Beſs*,
Or that her *Biſhops* ſhou'd bear Rule
Over a Goſpel-free-born Soul,
Bethink 'em how to bring to paſs
Church-Government, by way of *Claſs*.

A *Claſſis* is a petty *Synod*
Of *Elders* pack'd, a Dozen in it,
Or ſometimes fewer, ſometimes more,
Gin't pleaſe 'em they may have a Score;
Only when more, there's more Debate
In that *Eccleſiaſtick State*:
Becauſe new Points of Faith m' appear
To one, which Nineteen ſaw not there;
For *Saints* have their Degrees of Light.
He who obſerves it firſt muſt try't
By a Diſpute with all the reſt,
To ſee if 't bides the *Bible-Teſt*.
However, they muſt all have *Zeal*
For *Diſcipline* and *Common-Weal*;
And ſeem like Gifted *Godly Men*,
Tho' in the bottom *Rogues in Grain*.
Such are fit (*d*) Members for the Claſſes,
Tho' otherwiſe as dull as Aſſes.

Their General *Claſſis* was in *London*,
By this great Things were *done* and *undone*;

For

(*d*) See *Heylyn's Hiſt. of Presb.* p. 213. and *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 324.

For all the other *Claſſes* did
Depend on this, as Ears on Head,
So that what through the other paſt
Muſt be approv'd by this at laſt.
Thoſe *Claſſes* being acquainted well with
Lord *Burleigh*, thought him beſt to deal with,
About new *Forms* of Pray'r and Worſhip,
Which now they had a mind to bruſh-up.
Fit Perſons therefore they ſelect,
To bring the Matter to Effect.
Who to grave *Cecil* make Addreſs,
And thus the *Sophy* they careſs.

Great Rulor of the *Church* and *State*,
Next under her, whoſe happy Fate
Is both to govern *Sea* and *Land*,
And hold two Nations in her Hand,
Which ſhe can toſs like Tennis-Balls,
One *down*, one *up*, as t'other falls:
To you, Great Sir, we Legates from
Our *Claſſick* Brethren Greeting come.
Whereas of late a Reformation
Was made by th' Wiſdom of the Nation;
And happy we it was begun,
If't had but thorowly gone on
Till all the Beaſt-Heads had been lopt off,
And ev'ry Popiſh Error cropt off.
But thoſe, alas, who firſt went from
The *Pope*, and left the Church of *Rome*,
Came loaden each one with his Pack
Of Superſtitions on his Back;
You'll in their Common-Pray'r-Book find 'em
(If e'er you uſe it, pray-ye mind 'em:)
Therefore, wiſe Sir, our Supplication
Is for a thorow Reformation;
And that the Church of *England* may
Fling all her Popiſh Geer away,
And in her publick Worſhip join
With *Us* in *Prayer* and *Diſcipline*.

Our

Our Form's refin'd like Gold, it's pure,
And can the Scripture Teſt endure.
Our *Claſſes*, Sir, beg you'll incline
The Queen t'embrace our Diſcipline
And Form of Prayer, and ev'ry where
Cry down her preſent Common-Prayer;
And we her Suppliants ſhall pray
That ſhe may live *for ever and Ay.*

Quoth (*e*) *Burleigh* (who, it does appear,
Was an obliging Courtier,)
I'll do whatever I can do
For your new Form of Pray'r and You.
Let's ſee the Book of which you mean,
That I may ſhew it to the Queen;
And, by the Intereſt I ſhall make,
I do not doubt but it will take.

My Lord, The Book of which we ſpeak,
Say they, we have it yet to make.
Our *Claſſes* have not yet begun
To get our *Form of Worſhip* done;
Nor have our Elders, tho' at work,
Finiſh'd the *Diſcipline* of Kirk.
But ſoon as *Diſcipline* and *Worſhip*
Are fit to come before your Lordſhip,
Our chiefeſt Elders, as is meet,
Shall lay them at your mighty Feet.

Cecil,

(*e*) Lord *Burleigh*, upon ſome Complaint made againſt the Liturgy by ſome of the Brethren, required them to compoſe another, ſuch as they thought might generally be accepted by them. The firſt *Claſſis* thereupon deviſed a new one, agreeable in moſt Things to *Geneva*: But this Draught being offered to the Conſideration of the ſecond *Claſſis*, there were no fewer than 600 Exceptions made againſt it, and conſequently ſo many Alterations,

Cecil, who ſmil'd but once a Year,
At this could hardly chooſe but fleer,
To ſee them beating thus the Air
For an imaginary Pray'r,
That yet their Maggot had not hatch'd.
So with this Anſwer they're diſpatch'd;
Go frame your Book as you wou'd have it;
Bring me one, to the Queen I'll give it:
But 'ere you bring it ſee it paſſes
The Approbation of all *Claſſes*,
That further Conteſt may ariſe none.
This was his Anſwer, and a wiſe one,
For he foreſaw 'twou'd never paſs,
Without Diſpute, in any *Claſs*.
Away they go, pleas'd with his Anſwer,
As much as Ladies in Romance are
When reſcu'd from *Inchanted* Caſtles
By Errant Knights that ſtorm the *Baſtiles*.
To work they fall, and, with great Care,
Frame a new *Diſcipline* and *Prayer*,
Reſembling much *Geneva*'s Platform;
For they devoted were to That Form,

As

rations to be made therein before it was to be admitted. The Third *Claſſis* quarrelled at thoſe Alterations, and reſolved therefore on a new Model, which ſhould have nothing of the other: And againſt this the Fourth *Claſſis* was able to make as many Objections as has been made againſt the Firſt. So that no Likelyhood appearing of any other *Form of Worſhip*, either better or worſe, to be agreed upon between them, ſhe diſmiſs'd their *Agents* for the preſent, with this Aſſurance, That whenſoever they could agree upon any Liturgy, which might be univerſally received amongſt them, they ſhould find him very ready to ſerve them in the ſettling it. *See* Heylyn's *Hiſtory of Presbytery*, apud *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 318

As fitteſt for a Common-Weal
And now its *Trial* of *Ordeal*
It muſt endure, and ſmoothly paſs
Untouch'd at all, through every *Claſs*:
And if the higheſt at the laſt
Approve it, then it's *Trial's* paſt.
The firſt *Claſs* made it ſo it paſſes
The firſt, but not the *ſecond Claſſis*:
For this *Claſs* made, when having ſeen it,
Six hundred Alterations in it.
The *third Claſs* found, when well inſpected,
Six hundred Faults more, uncorrected.
Thence to the *fourth Claſs* it was ſent;
This was the furtheſt Journey't went.
They doom'd it to the Common-Houſe,
Where't lay expos'd to private Uſe,
As being very fit it ſhou'd,
While Leaf on't laſted, do ſome good;
Elſe had the Labour of the Men
That firſt contriv'd it, been in vain.

Next (*f*) *Walſingham*, who did pretend,
At every turn, to be their Friend,
Takes under-hand their baffl'd Cauſe,
In hopes to manage 't with Applauſe.
The Way that he propos'd to do't,
Was, if he cou'd but bring 'em to't,
For each Side to incline a little,
Till, by degrees, they meet i'th Middle.

He

(*f*) *Walſingham* tries his Fortune next, in hope to bring them to allow of the *Engliſh Liturgy*, on the Removal of ſuch Things as ſeemed moſt offenſive: And thereupon he offered, in the Queen's Name, That the Three Ceremonies at which they ſeem'd moſt to boggle, that is to ſay, *Kneeling at the Communion*; *the Surplice*; and *the Croſs in Baptiſm* ſhould be expunged out of the Book of *Common-*

He ſends away, with great Reſpect,
For the chief Leaders of their Sect;
Thoſe he adviſes to comply,
For Sake of *Uniformity*,
With *Beſs*'s Engliſh *Liturgy*,
Upon Condition that it ſhall
From Popery be purged well.
I'll undertake in *Beſs*'s Name,
Three Things ſhall be expung'd the ſame;
The firſt is, *Kneeling* at *Communion*,
That Gulph between the Church's Union.
The *Croſs* in *Baptiſm* is the next.
And ſince you're at the *Surplice* vext,
'T ſhall come no more on Back of Parſon,
But his fine Wife, that Smock has ſcarce one,
For private Uſe ſhall have the Linnen:
The reſt of Pray'r-Book there's no Sin in.
Subſcribe it then, Sirs, I adviſe;
Bleſs'd be the *Claſs* that firſt complies.
They anſwer him in ſurly manner,
Without the leaſt Regard to Honour,
We'll have no Part of Prelate's Prayers,
But *blot out* all whats'ever's Theirs:
The Book we'll totally aboliſh,
For nothing's in't but what is (g) *fooliſh*.
So, be this all you have to ſay,
Farewell, (quo' they) and go their way.
At this rude Anſwer and uncivil,
Walſingham gave 'em to the Devil.

Soon

Common-Prayer, if that would content them. But thereunto it was reply'd, That they would have a total Abolition of the Book, without retaining any Part or Office in it, in their next new Nothing. Which peremptory Anſwer did much alienate his Affections from them. *Heylyn*'s *Hiſt. of Presbyt.* p. 302. *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 319.

(g) *Calvin* alſo gave in his Cenſure long before, *There are many fooliſh Trifles in it.*

Soon after this they fell to ſcribble
A ſcandalous ill-natur'd (*b*) Libel,
And ſent it out amongſt the *Mob*
In manner of a *Dialogue*;
For ſo 'twas call'd, to diſplay
The *Engliſh* Kirk, and open lay
It's Faults, and where it was defective;
A moſt malicious Invective.

A

(*b*) A ſcandalous Libel, in the Nature of a Dialogue, is publiſh'd and diſperſed in moſt Parts of *England*, in which the State of the Church is pretended to be laid open. They likewiſe had prepared their Way to the Parliament then ſitting, *Anno* 1586, by telling them, 'That if the Reformation they deſired were not granted, they ſhould betray God, his Truth, and the whole Kingdom. That they ſhould declare themſelves to be an Aſſembly wherein the Lord's Cauſe could not be heard; wherein the Infelicity of the Miſerable could not be reſpected; wherein Truth, Religion, and Piety, could bear no Sway: An Aſſembly that willingly called for the Judgment of God upon the whole Realm: And finally, That not a Man of their Seed ſhould proſper, be a Parliament Man, or bear Rule in *England* any more. This neceſſary Preparation being thus premiſed, they tender to the Parliament a *A Book of the Form of Common-Prayer*, by them deſired, containing alſo, in Effect, the whole pretended Diſcipline, ſo reviſed by *Travers*; and their Petition in Behalf of it was in theſe Words following, to wit: *May it therefore pleaſe your Majeſty, that the Book hereunto annexed; and every Thing therein contained, may be from henceforth uſed through all your Majeſty's Dominions.* But in this they were able to effect nothing. *Heylyn's Hiſt. of Presb.* p. 161. apud *Hiſt. Collect.* p. 322.

A *Form* of *Worſhip* they got penn'd,
And *Diſcipline* hung at it's End,
And a *Petition* tack'd to it,
Which to her Majeſty was writ:
A Letter alſo they compile,
In a ſevere and threat'ning Stile;
All which to Queen and Parliament
Six old grave Elders did preſent,
In a demure and canting Strain,
And hundred Cringes; but in vain:
For *Whitgift*'s Party of Black-Coats
Had in the Senate major Votes,
And bad the Elders, in a Jeer,
To come again another Year.
Derided thus; away they haſte,
And tell the *Claſſes* all that paſt;
Which into Gall turn'd all the Blood
Of the enraged Brotherhood.
They all unanimouſly join
To execute their *Diſcipline*,
And ſettle their *Genevan Worſhip*,
Without the Leave of Queen or Biſhop,
Or further asking the Conſent
Of Council, Court, or Parliament.
But *Whitgift*, who was always waking,
Spy'd, in good time, their Undertaking,
And, by his Power, and careful heeding,
The Current ſtopp'd of their Proceeding.
Yet not ſo well but ſoon it's Courſe
Broke out again with greater Force:
For as a Gun with Powder cramm'd,
The cloſer down the ſame is ramm'd,
When taking Fire, it breaks out thence
With ſo much greater Violence.
So, more theſe fiery Saints were curb'd,
The more the Biſhops they diſturb'd,
And put their Kirk to greater Trouble
Than e'er they did before, twice double.

For near the End of *Beſſy's* Reign,
When Time had almoſt eat the Queen,
And Age had drank her Spirits up,
'Till ſhe lay ſleeping like a *Top*,
That Boys have whipt about until,
As if for Eaſe, it ſtands ſtock ſtill.
She heedleſs grew of Church and Faith,
And Puritanicks active Wrath,
Affairs Eccleſiaſtick leaves
To *Leic'ſter*, *Knolls*, and other Knaves,
Such as to *Whitgift* and his Party
Bore no Good-Will or Kindneſs hearty.
Theſe with their Country Friends tranſact,
To get a Houſe of *Commons* pack'd
Of Godly Members, ſuch as ſtood
'Gainſt *Whitgift*, for the *Brotherhood*.
And new Petitions from all Places
Came ſwarming in againſt their Graces,
From Prentice-boy to *Good your Worſhip*,
Let's have no *Common-Pray'r* or *Biſhop*.
This was the daily Cry of *London*:
In ſhort, the Biſhops had been run-down,
If *Whitgift* had not us'd his Skill
To hinder the deſigned Ill.

Firſt thing he does, to Pray'r he falls,
Spreads out ten Claws ſhod with long *Nails*,
And thus invokes. *Lord*, prithee *Now*
Or Never look on us below.
Can'ſt thou behold how Things are carry'd,
And how I and my Flock are worry'd
By Presbyterian *Wolves* and *Foxes*,
Of *Calvin's* Litter, and of *Knox's*,
And ſit as if thou wer't inclin'd
To ſee our Queen's Kirk undermin'd,
Till it fall down, maugre it's Head
On us, that firſt the Building made,
When I am ſure, this Twenty Year
Thou haſt not had one half ſo fair?

O *Lord*,

O *Lord*, I cou'd be glad that Thou
Wou'd come and help us, but I know,
That where thou art thou *MUST* remain
Till *Dooms-day* brings thee here again.
As in our (*a*) *Article* is writ,
And we are *bound* to credit it.
But if thou canſt but now *hear Me*,
Diſtant at ſuch a vaſt degree,
That if a *Milſtone* were thrown down,
Ten Ages wou'd not bring the Stone,
Then pra'thee, *Lord*, ſome Way invent
To croſs this *factious Parliament.*
Diſpatch ſome *Angel*, for I know
They have more Liberty than thou.
Give him Commiſſion to ſupport
Our Kirk, 'gainſt Parliament and Court.
Lord, if thou *know'ſt* for what I've pray'd,
Grant it. There needs no more be ſaid.

(*a*) *Article.* 29 'The Body of Chriſt cannot be 'preſent in many different Places at the ſame 'Time; and ſince (as the Holy Scriptures te-'ſtify) Chriſt hath been taken up into Heaven, 'and there is to abide till the End of the World; 'it becometh not any of the Faithful to believe or 'profeſs, that there is a Real or Corporal Preſence, &c. *See King* Edw. 29 *Article.* The Words in the Latin Article are: *Chriſtus humanæ Naturæ veritatem perpetuo retinet quam Uno & definito loco eſſe. &c. quum igitur Chriſtus in Cœlum ſublatus, ibi uſque ad finem ſæculi ſit permanſurus, atque inde non aliunde venturus ſit, ad judicandum vivos & mortuos, non debet quiſquam fidelium, carnis & ejus ſanguinis realem & corporalem præſentiam in Euchariſtia vel credere vel profitare.* The Biſhop of *Sarum* ſets down this Article more at large, from the *Original Manuſcript* of Articles ſubſcribed by both Houſes of Convocation in 1562. See his *Expoſition*, p. 11.

Diſburthen'd of his Pray'r, he ſends
For Brother Biſhops, his ſure Friends,
Bids them in haſte themſelves attire
In what the Rubricks do require.
For we, ſays he, now I have been
So long in Prayer, will to the Queen,
And beg her Aid: For ſhe is near us,
And can *immediately* hear us.
They trim their Beards, and comb their Hair,
And don 'em as the Laws require,
In Rochet, Sleeves, and other Trapping,
Approach the Queen, but found her napping;
Yet ſoftly jogging, with Battoon,
Awake her from her *Squab* of Down;
And thus ſalute her, juſt awaking,
In a ſtrange ruſtick ſort of ſpeaking.

Thou Female Paſtor of the Sheep,
Canſt thou lie lolling thus aſleep,
Regardleſs of thy ſilly Flock,
While Wolves and wild Beaſts waſte thy Stock?
Get up, you careleſs drowſy Queen,
Behold what Work's on yonder Plain!
Your Lambs are worry'd, and the Fleeces
Of all your Sheep are torn to Pieces.
Bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, why all this Fury?
Is't fit your Queen ſhould thus endure-ye?
In Name of Wonder, what's the Matter
That you come thus with ſuch a Splutter?
You ought to uſe more civil Speeches,
My *Pettycoat's above* your *Breeches*:
Conſider I am ſtill your *Head*.
At this the Biſhops grew afraid,
Impute the ringing ſuch a Peal
To th' over-flowing of her Zeal.
Aſide ſhe turns her Head a while,
To ſteal a little modeſt Smile;
And *Whitgift*, in a manly Stile,

Salutes

Salutes her thus. Thou *High* and *Mighty*,
Who ponder'ſt things both ſmall and weighty,
And canſt diſcern 'tween *wrong* and *right*,
When *Presbyters* and *Prelates fight*.
You, who touch Heaven with your Brow,
And under whom Earth's Axles Bow,
You, by whoſe Might the *Netherlands*
Have freed themſelves from *Spaniſh* Bands,
And who th' *Invincible Armada*
Drown'd and diſpers'd in leſs than a-day.
You, who the Papiſts clapperclaw
By ever-bleſſed *Penal-Law*,
Let your exterminating Power
The curſed *Puritans* devour.
To you alone for Help we cry
To ſave us from *Presbytery*.
With open Mouth they ſet upon us,
And caſt ſuch damn'd Aſperſions on us,
That we, by all the giddy Rabble,
Are held for moſt abominable.
I'm ſure they aim to ſeize our Lands,
And turn us out for Vagabonds.
The Arguments that we aſſume
'Gainſt Papiſts, and the Church of *Rome*,
Theſe Puritans make uſe of now
Againſt our Selves, our Church, and You.
They call Us *Limbs of Antichriſt*,
And *You* the *Scarlet Whore*; The *Beaſt*
You ſit on, is our Church and Us.
Was ever People plagued thus?
Nor talk they only, but they write,
And Texts from *Revelations* cite;
Thoſe very Texts that we produce
'Gainſt *Papiſts*, they againſt *Us* uſe;
And ſwear they are as right apply'd
To *Us*, as to the *other Side*.
And when we, in our own Defence,
Put on the Texts another Senſe,

They pertly ask us how we know
That *Their* is falſe, and *Our* Senſe true?
And here we're ſet; for, *on my Soul*,
To prove it *right* we have no *Rule*.
And if Authority of Church
We bring, they value't not a Ruſh,
But tell us that's the Popiſh Plea
Againſt our ſelves. And what, ſay they,
Can you oblige us to aſſent
To that old Popiſh Argument
To which your ſelves wou'd ne'er ſubmit,
What can you gain in preſſing it?

If we affirm our Faith is good,
And that from Chriſt our *Church* has ſtood,
They Sniffling ſay, How can you tell?
Is this your Church *Infallible*?
Our Anſwer, as you may conceive,
Muſt needs be in the negative.
For were God's Church *Infallible*,
Then to Reform her had been ill.
Nay then, ſay they, if it be ſo,
Our Kirk is right, for ought you know,
We are Reform'd as well as you.
Thus in *Dilemmas* we are caught,
And into endleſs Contradictions brought.
Here's (*b*) *Beal*, a Gibing Arch-Buffoon,
That has his Spies o'er all the Town,

To

(*b*) *Beal* accounted the Biſhops for Sons of Antichriſt, becauſe they were not looked upon as *Fathers* by the Brotherhood (*nor by any Body elſe*;) and ſo far was he hurried on by theſe Diſaffections, that tho' he were raiſed to be one of the Clerks of the Council, yet he preferred the Intereſt of that Faction before that of the Queen's, inſomuch that he was noted to *jeer* and *gibe* all ſuch Sermons as did moſt commend her Majeſty's Government, and move

To mind Us and our Clergy ſtrictly,
And watch our *By-ſteps* circumſpectly:
And, Madam, who of mortal Men
But has his *Downfals* now and then;
When at their Club they meet together,
They give their *Notes* to one another,
So that by All each Fault is known,
And quickly blaz'd o'er all the Town:
And this exaſperates the People
'Gainſt *Us*, our *Doctrine*, *Prayer*, and *Steeple*,
That Folk are brought to ſuch a paſs
They'd rather ſee the De'el than us.
Thoſe Rake-hells are ſet on by *Leic'ſter*,
And *Knolls*, and *Walſingham*, to peſter
Me, and my *Fellow Biſhops* here,
And run down *Parſons* every where,
By quarrelling at what we teach,
And ridiculing all we preach;
That, if you'll truſt us, cou'd we help it,
We'd never more appear in Pulpit.

For my part, tho' I preach a Sermon
That there is neither *Good* nor *Harm* in,
(And moſt are ſuch, for my Intent
In Preaching's to be innocent)
This *Beal* will ſneer, make Mouths, and ſtir
His Brows: Oh, he's a plaguy Cur;
And, by his witty Taunts, can twine
The *Mob* beyond our beſt *Divine*.
When in our Preſence ſcarce he ſpeaks,
But ſome tart Scoff or Jeſt he breaks
To ridicule our Godly Labour
In Kirk, or private with our Neighbour;

And

move the Auditory to Obedience, not ſparing to accuſe the *Preachers to have broach'd falſe Doctrine*. From this Man the Archbiſhop received great Affronts. *Hiſt. Coll.* 317.

And laughs and winks at *Walſingham*
And *Leiceſter*, they again at him;
And this in Scorn and great Deriſion
Of us your Biſhops, and our Miſſion,
Till, what by them and by the Crowd,
We and our Clergy are ſo cow'd,
That, if you'll credit what I ſay,
We ſcarce dare either preach or pray,
Or in our Robes Canonic paſs
The Street, they're grown to ſuch a Paſs,
That if the Boys our *Lawn-ſleeves* ſpy,
The wanton Rogues will point and cry,
A Babylonian Maggot-Pye.
Such groſs Affronts as theſe, I'm ſure,
No Saint alive can e'er endure.

But what is ten times worſe than all this,
A (*c*) Parliament but lately call'd is,
As Puritanick at the bottom
As if *John Calvin* had begot 'em.
This Parl'ament has paſs'd a Bill
For all to marry when they will,
Be it in *Advent*, or in *Lent*,
Without once asking our Conſent,
Or ſeeing any of our Court,
Or ever taking Licenſe for't.
Another Bill the've alſo paſs'd
Will be our Ruin at the laſt;
No *Candidate* in all the Town
Muſt be Ordain'd, or wear a Gown,

Or

(*c*) The *Brethren* had procured many of their chief Friends to be received for Knights or Burgeſſes: By whoſe Means they procured a Bill to paſs in the Houſe of Commons, 1585, for making Trial of the *Sufficiency* of ſuch as were to be *Ordained* or *admitted* Miniſters by *Twelve Laymen*, whoſe *Approbation* and *Allowance* they were firſt to paſs, before they were to receive Inſtitution into any Benefice. Another Bill was alſo paſſed, for making

Or ever take the Name of Prieſt,
But only ſuch as bide the Teſt
Of *Twelve* preciſe judicious *Lay-men*,
Who muſt appointed be t' examine
All ſuch as are to be *Ordain'd*;
And thus ſhall none be entertain'd
But only ſuch as will prefer
Their new-form'd Diſcipline and Prayer.
If this go on (as *Lord* forbid it)
Down goes our Church; ſay I have ſaid it.
They alſo Vote, as ſome report,
The regulating of our Court,
As touching *Fees*, *Preſentments*, *Fines*,
And this our *Purſes* undermines.
Another Bill, as ill as theſe,
They bring againſt *Pluralities*:
Thus they go on, till by degrees
At laſt our *Revenues* they'll ſeize,
And *out of Houſe and Harbour* turn us,
And bid us go, the Devil burn us.
To ſign, O prudent Queen, theſe Bills,
Is to make way to further Ills.
In ſhort, we're, *every Mother's Son*,
Both Church, and State, and Prince, undone.
Our *Common-Prayer-Book* once thrown by,
(I ſpeak by way of Prophecy)
And *Calvin's* ſettled in the Land,
Epiſcopacy cannot ſtand:
Nor will your Grace have Cauſe to boaſt,
If once *Supremacy* be loſt;

Which

king Marriage lawful at all Times of the Year. They were in hand alſo with a Third Bill, concerning *Eccleſiaſtical Courts*, and the *Epiſcopal Viſitations*; pretending only a Redreſs of ſome Exorbitance in exceſſive Fees, but aiming plainly at the *Overthrow* of the *Juriſdiction*. *Hiſt. Collect.* 319. 320.

Which you and all your Realm muſt own
The faireſt Jewel in your Crown;
Nor can your Kingdom ſhun the Fate
Of being turn'd into a State:
For Presbyterian Diſcipline,
And Monarchy has ever been
At mortal Strife with one another,
Like Fire and Water when together.
Now with Pythonick Fury ſwell'd,
Till Girdle cracks and Garments yield,
He ſtares with Look ſevere, and Brows
As threatning as an angry *Jew's*;
And Hand extent, by Spirit's Force,
As if he meant ſome vehement Curſe;
Then ſpeaks, O mighty Princeſs, know,
If at this careleſs Rate you do
Permit thoſe worſe than mortal Harms
To fly about our Ears in Swarms,
And do not ſpeedily prevent
What threatens Church and Government,
Your Kingdom ſhall be from you rent;
At this his Hand on Breaſt he laid,
And three Times ſwore what he had ſaid;
And here, as at it's utmoſt Stretch,
Out flew the *Python* with his Speech.

As Planet-ſtruck, for half an Hour
He ſtood agaſt, and ſpoke no more,
Till finding he was diſpoſſeſs'd,
He turns about to all the reſt:
Belov'd, ſays he, now I am calm,
Let's ſing a proper *Meetre Pſalm*:
He ſets it out, they all begin
In *Hopkins* Dialect to ſing.

At

(a) *Why doſt thou draw thy Hand a back*
And hide it in thy Lap?
O pluck it out and be not ſlack
To give thy Foes a Rap.

(a) Singing *Pſalm* 74. v. 12.

At this the Tears began to riſe
Above the Flood-gates of their Eyes,
Which being by her Highneſs ſeen,
So mollify'd the Breaſt of Queen,
That nought they ask'd could be deny'd;
Thus to their Graces ſhe reply'd;

My Lords, I give you ſtrict Command
To take your Paſt'ral Staves in Hand,
And lay about you even ſo
As *Sampſon* did with *Aſs's Jaw:*
Spare neither Legs, nor Arms, nor Ears
Of thoſe Philiſtian Presbyters.
Let your Authority and Care
In Church and State Affairs appear
By ſettling in your Diſcipline
An *Uniformity*, and join
Diſſenters and *Kirk-folk* together,
As cloſe as Sole to Upper-leather.
Act in this Matter as you will,
I will maintain it, *Good or Ill.*

He that refuſes to comply
With a ſtrict Uniformity,
See that by Force of Diſcipline,
And *Penal-Laws*, you bring him in.
Tho' *Knolles* and *Leiceſter* are your Foes,
My Hand ſhall ward off all their Blows:
Tho' *Walſingham* and *Beal* contend,
I will, My Lords, your Cauſe defend.
Tho' crafty *Cecil* ſide with them,
Yet, while I wear this *Diadem*,
I will, I ſwear by *Head* and *Crown*,
By *Scepter*, *Sword*, and good *Battoon*,
In ſpite of all protect your Graces;
Be therefore active in your Places.
As for Church Lands and Common-Prayer,
Of which your Graces take ſuch Care,

They

They ſhall, as long as I am Queen,
Remain i'th' Safety they are in.
She ſaid, and with a gracious Look
Took up and kiſs'd the *publick Book*,
And ſafely lock'd it in her Cheſt.
Her Royal Hand the Biſhop's kiſs'd,
And humbly thanking Madam *Beſs*,
Took leave, each for his Dioceſs.
And here it is the Story changes
To what moſt horrible and ſtrange-is.

The *Scenes* that were till now ſo gay,
Inſenſibly are drawn away;
And 'ere the Queen or Courtiers knew
The *Stage* was all of *Sable* Hue;
And on the *Scenes* were painted out
Dread Shapes revengful *Furies* wrought,
As *Priſons*, *Halters*, *Axes*, *Knives*,
And *Penal-Laws* that took the Lives
Of innocent and holy Prieſts,
Who there appear'd with *ript-up Breaſts*,
And *Heads cut off*, and *Limbs in Quarters*,
Juſt as they had before dy'd Martyrs.
Mary the Queen of *Scots*, whoſe Head
Cloſe by her Body bleeding laid,
Was there; all painted as they dy'd.
And other horrid Forms beſide,
As *Dæmons* in odd Shapes, and ſtrange-ones,
With each a *Vial full of Vengeance*,
To pour on Heads of thoſe who had
A Hand in ſpilling all that Blood.

And now the Actors they begin
To play their Parts, old *Age* comes in
Crook'd wrinkl'd, doating, black and thin.
And after this (*b*) *Sickneſs* appears
Pale with Deſpair and gaſtly Fears; This

(*b*) Queen *Elizabeth*, in the beginning of her Sick-

This was purſu'd by *Death* in Black,
And *endleſs* Night cloſe at his Back:
Lord (*c*) *Hundſdon* comes upon the Stage,
Sick in his Bed; ſome think with Age;
But let the Cauſe be what it will,
His *Comforters were ſent from Hell*;
Such as with him before had been
In all the Councils of the Queen,
And carry'd on the great Affair
Of *Proteſtancy* many a Year,
Made *Laws* juſt as they had a Mind,
Againſt *God's Church*, and theſe *ſhe ſign'd*.
Firſt *Dudley*, Earl of *Leiceſter*, came
Roll'd round about in glaring Flame,
Out at his Mouth, Noſe, Eyes, and Ears,
Sprung pointed Flames from inward Fires.
Then *Walſingham* all on a Glow;
And *Pickring* cold as Frozen-Snow;
Who of his Hand ſcarce taking hold,
Hundſdon was fit to die with Cold.
Hatton was next that did appear
All in a Flame of glowing Fire.
And *Henneage* comes after him
Burning all o'er in rapid Flame.

The

Sickneſs, told two of her Ladies, that ſhe ſaw, one Night as ſhe lay in Bed, *her own Body exceeding lean and fearful, in a Light of Fire.* See *Parſons*'s Diſcuſſion of *Barlow*'s Anſwer, p. 218.

(*c*) Sir *Harry Cary*, Son of Sir *William Cary* and *Mary Boleyn*, the Queen promoted to the Honour and Degree of *Lord* Cary *of* Hundſdon; *Heyl.* p. 277.

This Lord *Hundſdon* being in the Year 1596 ſick to Death, ſaw come to him one after another ſix of his Companions already dead,

The laſt of all comes impious *Knolles*,
Curl'd round about in flaming Rolls,
That grind him in their whirling Gyres,
And from the Dints ſpring ſtreaming Fires.
A while thoſe horrid Spectres ſtood
Before the wretched *Cary*'s Bed,
To give him Time to contemplate,
And well obſerve their damned State:
Then told him, *Cecil* was to come
A Fellow-Partner in their Doom;
So bad him tell him to prepare,
Then vaniſhed to ſubtile Air.
Hundſdon with Horror ſtruck at this,
Sends ſpeedy News to Madam *Beſs*;
Who caus'd Enquiry to be made;
And *Hundſdon* ſwore to all he ſaid.
So after he reſign'd his Breath,
And *Cecil* dy'd a ſudden Death.

The Queen (ſtill now of Temper jolly)
Soon after this fell melancholly,
Struck to the Heart with hidden Grief,
No Medicine could yield Relief.

Her

The firſt was *Dudley* Earl of *Leiceſter* all in Fire. 2. Was Secretary *Walſingham* alſo in Fire and Flame. 3. *Pickring*, ſo cold and frozen, that touching *Hundſdon*'s Hand he thought he ſhould die of Cold. 4. *Hatton*, Lord Chancellor. 5. *Henneage*. 6. *Knolles*; Theſe three laſt were alſo all in Fire; they all told him that Sir *William Cecil*, one of their Companions yet living, was to prepare himſelf to come ſhortly to them.

All this was affirm'd upon Oath by the ſaid Lord *Hundſdon*, who a few Days after died ſuddenly. This is recorded by *Fr. Coſterus, in Compendio veteris Orthodoxæ Fidei*; and alſo by *Philip D'outreman* in his Book entituled *Pedagogue Chretier*, p. 186.

Camd·

Her Eyes, rowling with gaſtly Stare,
Shew inward Symptoms of Deſpair.
As one depriv'd of Senſe and Wits,
Two Days, three Nights, on *Stool* ſhe ſits,
And in one Poſture always keeps;
Nor ſpeaks, nor eats, nor drinks, nor ſleeps,
Save only once ſome *Broth* ſhe took,
And only once ſome Words ſhe ſpoke.
Diſmal her Sayings were and ſad,
As *forlorn* People ſpeak when mad;
As theſe, or ſuch like Words as theſe are,
My Miſeries are without Meaſure:
I have no Friend that I can truſt,
My Neck in Chains is yoked faſt,

Spectres

Camd. *who writes the Life of Queen* Elizabeth, *gives this Account of her laſt Sickneſs.* In the beginning of her Sickneſs the Almonds of her Throat ſwell'd but ſoon abated again; then her Appetite fail'd her by degrees: And withal ſhe gave her ſelf over wholly to Melancholly, and ſeem'd to be much troubled with a peculiar Grief for ſome Reaſon or other; whether it were through the Violence of her Diſeaſe, or for want of *Eſſex*, &c. She looked upon her ſelf as a *miſerable forlorn Woman*; and her Grief and Indignation extorted from her ſuch Speeches as theſe; *They have yoaked my Neck. I have none whom I can truſt. My Condition is ſtrangely turned upſide down.* See *Cambd.* Hiſt. li. 5. pag. 659, 660.

F. Parſons in his *Diſcuſſion* tells us, that ſhe ſat two Days and three Nights upon her Stool ready dreſſed, and could never be brought by any of her Council to go to Bed, or to eat or drink, only the Lord Admiral perſwading her to take a little Broth: She told him, if he knew what ſhe had ſeen in her Bed, he would not perſwade her as he did. She ſhaking her Head, ſaid with a pitiful Voice,

Spectres preſent themſelves to ſight,
And haunt my Bed in dead of Night.
I've ſeen my very ſelf appear
Like an old *Hagg* in flaming Fire.
The *Taliſ-man* the old Welſh Wife
Bequeathed me, will not ſave my Life
Tho' hither too with Hopes enough,
I've worn the *Sigil* on my Ruff
The *Queen of Hearts* that long has laid
Here in my Chair nail'd thro' the Head,
I have no *Truſt* in as I had;
Nor can I *hope at all* in God,
Becauſe I never ſerv'd *Him*,
After I got the *Diadem*.
Thus left of all, Comfort from no-Man;
I am a *wretched forlorn Woman*.

Nor

My Lord, *I am tied with a Chain of Iron about my Neck; I am tied, and the Caſe is alter'd with me.*

One of her privy Councellors preſented her with a Piece of Gold of the Bigneſs of an Angel, dimly marked with ſome ſmall Characters, which he ſaid an old Woman in *Wales* bequeathed to her on her Death-Bed, telling her that the ſaid old Woman, by Virtue of the ſame, lived to the Age of 100 and odd Years, and could not die as long as ſhe wore it upon her Body; but being wither'd, and wanting Nature to nouriſh her Body, it was taken off and ſhe died. The Queen, upon the Confidence ſhe had thereof, took the ſaid Gold and wore it on her Ruff,

Two Ladies waiting on her in her Chamber, diſcovered in the Bottom of her *Chair the Queen of Hearts*, with a Nail of Iron ſtruck through the Forehead, which they durſt not then pull out; remembring that the like thing was reported to be uſed to others for Witchcraft; *Diſcuſs*, p. 217, 218, printed 1612.

Her

Nor could her Godlike Biſhops, who
Had led her by the Noſe till now,
Give the leaſt Eaſe or *Ghoſtly Cure*,
Tho' they abſolv'd her o'er and o'er;
For not at all did ſhe believe
(More than themſelves) they could forgive;
Although they took the Common Prayer,
And ſhew'd her Abſolution there.
Your Penance and your Abſolution
Is not of *Divine* Inſtitution,
Nor *Sacrament*, ſays ſhe, as you
Have taught me many Years ago;
But *ſprung of corrupt following*
Of the Apoſtles: If the thing
Be ſo, what good can it do me?
Turn to your *Articles* and ſee.
To this not one Word was reply'd,
But comfortleſs the Woman dy'd.
High-time that ſhe were gone; for now
She'd done what Miſchief ſhe could do
In ſettling *Reformation*,
Her long long Thread at laſt was ſpun,
Which one that did attend her (but
Play'd leaſt in Sight) a ſaucy Slut
With her unwelcome *Siſſors* cut,

And

Her Death was pitiful in dying without Senſe, Feeling, or Mention of God, as divers report; *Diſcuſs* 197.

One of the Ladies that waited on her, leaving her aſleep in her Privy Chamber, at the beginning of her Sickneſs, met her, as ſhe thought, three or four Chambers off: and fearing ſhe would have been diſpleaſed that ſhe left her alone, came towards her to excuſe her ſelf, but ſhe vaniſhed away: And when the Lady returned into the Chamber where ſhe left her ſleeping, ſhe found

And headlong to Old *Harry* ſent her,
Who in this ſort doth complement her.
H. Welcome, brave Daughter! Thou that haſt
The *Roman Church* and *Faith* diſplac'd.
What other News fro' th' World above?
E. Father, not only *Faith* but *Love*,
I've done what ever I could do
To baniſh, imitating you;
For Children any thing will gather
From the Examp'e of a Father:
And that Religion never more
May enter on our *Engliſh* Shore,
I've made it *Penal* to become
A Convert to the Church of *Rome*,
And have more bloody *Statutes* made
To murder Prieſts, than *Nero* had,
Or *Diocleſian* ever ſaw,
Father, I kill 'em all by *Law*.
H. That's the beſt way; but ſtill go on;
What Work made *Ned* when I was gone?
E. On Biſhopricks, and Church's Lands
That you had left, he laid his Hands,
And left the naked Church as bare
As when it firſt drew Vital Air;

So

her ſtill aſleep; growing paſt Recovery, and keeping her Bed, the Council ſent unto her the Biſhop of *Canterbury* and other Prelates; upon Sight of whom ſhe was much offended, cholerickly rating them, biding them be packing; and afterwards exclaimed to my Lord Admiral, that ſhe had the greateſt Indignity offered her by the Archbiſhop that could be done to a Prince; to pronounce Sentence of Death againſt her, as if ſhe had liv'd an Atheiſt: And ſome Lords mentioning to have other Prelates to come to her; ſhe anſwer'd, that ſhe would have none of theſe Hedge Prieſts. The Queen being departed this Life, her Body was opened, (*and Embowel'd*) and

being

So that there was, when I came in,
Scarce any thing to loſe but Skin.
Six Articles which you deviſ'd,
And by ſtrong Statutes authoriſ'd,
And *burned* ſuch as did not heed 'em,
The young Rogue laugh'd at, when he read 'em;
And by a Statute cry'd 'em down;
Then ſet out new ones of his own;
Made a new Form of *Worſhip* too,
Impos'd it on the Realm for true:
But, by and by, *this* pleas'd him not,
So burn'd it; and another got.
If more of him you liſt to know, Sir,
Call *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Cox* or *Bucer*.
Parker and *Grindal* too can tell,
So *Horn* and *Jewell* very well;
Theſe will inform you what you pleaſe
In *My* Time, and in *Neddy*'s Days;
Pray beckon on 'em with your Thumb;
H. I would ſo, if they could but come.
E. Why not? They're not ſo far from hence;
I'll call 'em, ſhall I? *H.* Do not Wench.
They're chain'd i'th' Places where they lie
With fiery Shackles; ſo am I.
E. You Father, chain'd! That cannot be.
H. Yes, Daughter, and they'll Fetter thee;
E. No, but they ſhall not, I'll away.
H. You cannot go. *E.* I will not ſtay.
H. The Gates are lock'd, and ſtrongly barr'd.
E. Crown'd Heads impriſon'd! This is hard.

What

being ſear'd up was brought to *White-Hall*, where it was watched every Night by ſix ſeveral Ladies, who being all about the ſame, which was faſt within a Board Coffin, with Leaves of Lead cover'd with Velvet, it happen'd that her Body brake the Coffin with ſuch a Crack, that it ſplit the Wood, Lead and Searcloth, to the Terror and Aſtoniſhment of all preſent. *See the Diſcuſſion*, p. 218.

What, no reſpect for *Majeſty?*
Let us proclaim *Supremacy*,
And then they'll certainly reſpect us.
H. Supremacy cannot protect us.
See how yon Fellow haſtes amain,
Trailing a thouſand Links of Chain,
Which you'll obſerve as he draws nigher,
Are made of curled Rings of Fire.
E. And with his Chain what will he do?
H. (*d*) Bind ev'ry Limb and Joint of you.
E. Help, Father! Ugly *Fiend* begon!
I will not have theſe Fetters on.
Alaſs! Feet, Hands and Fingers faſt;
Belly and Back, and Sides and Breaſts,
And Neck and Throat, girt round with Flame,
On Head a glowing Diadem,
And Royal Robes of waving Fire!
The Torments that from this Attire
Ariſe, I now begin to feel
Thril thro' my Soul from Crown to Heel.
H. You now begin to take your Wages,
The Pay will laſt for endleſs Ages.
E. What have I done to ſuffer this?
H. Deſtroy'd *Faith* and Religion, *Beſs.*
E. Your ſelf began that Work at firſt:
H. I did ſo: Be that Day accurſt. *E.* This

(*d*) *It is no raſh Judgment to ſay with our* Saviour, (*St.* Mark 16.) *He that believeth not ſhall be damn'd; and with St.* Paul, Titus 3. v. 10. *An Heretick is condemn'd of his own Judgment.*

Dr *Barlow* accuſed the Learned F. *Parſons of judging Queen* Elizabeth *before her Time.*

But that Reverend Father in his *Diſcuſſion of* Barlow's *Anſwer*, p. 223 frees himſelf from the falſe Aſperſion, by plainly ſhewing, That he judges no otherwiſe of this Queen's future State, (*neither do I*) than as St. *Paul* not only allows, but obliges us to judge of all Hereticks. He alſo further proves

E. This is my Comfort, Life cannot laſt long;
A Heart burn'd to a Coal, a ſcorched Tongue,
Eyes boil'd in liquid Fire, a flaming Breath,
Muſt needs be Symptoms of immediate Death;
Which to my Pains will be a welcome Cure.
H. There is no Death but what we now endure.
E. Well, this will quickly take our Lives away.
H. Not ſo, for tho' we die, we *live for Ay.*
E. I underſtand you not, how comes't that here
We do not die, when nought but Deaths appear?
H. We die, 'tis true, but it's an endleſs Death.
E. Is this the way then Souls do die beneath?
Call it not Death, but ſome more proper Name.
H. Well, call it, if you will, devouring Flame;
E. I would ſo, if I found it could devour,
But this it does not; for we ſtill endure.
By Death, I mean *Not-being*, pray tell me,
Will there a Time come when we ſhall not *be*?
H. No, Time's no more: But an Eternity.
E. Then I perceive there is no End of *Being*,
And this it ſeems, is what you call our Dying.
H. To Souls that are tormented here beneath,
Their endleſs Being is *Eternal Death*: So

proves clearly, both from *Scripture* and *Fathers*, that thoſe who die *Schiſmaticks* or *Hereticks* cannot be ſaved. Now Q. *Eliz.* was really excommunicated for *Schiſm* and *Hereſie*; ſhe eſtabliſh'd *Hereſie* in her Dominions, and maintained it to her utmoſt Power as long as ſhe lived: Nor was there any the leaſt Sign of *Contrition* or *Penance* for it, before or at her Death: Nor will even *Proteſtants* themſelves grant that ſhe ever ſo much as deſir'd Reconciliation to the Catholick Church ſhe had left; but on the contrary do all affirm, that ſhe died in the new Religion that ſhe had eſtabliſh'd, (*i. e.*) in condemn'd Hereſie. What elſe then can any Body judge of her, than as *we, and Proteſtants too*, do of *Arius*, *Neſtorius*, and other *condemn'd* Hereticks?

So to the Souls above in Joy and Bliſs,
Eternal Life their endleſs Being is.
Thus both the *Bleſs'd* above, and *Damn'd* beneath
Live ever, Thoſe in Life; and Theſe in Death,
(creaſe,
E. Ah, Dreadful Death! It's Sight my Pains en-
Are all our *worldly Glories* come to this?
Sad Change! From Pleaſures in the upper World,
To be into ſuch endleſs Anguiſh hurl'd; (here
The Thoughts of Pleaſures paſt make Torments
Ten hundred thouſand Times the worſe to bear.
H. And yet theſe Thoughts we eagerly deſire,
And for their ſakes ſtill hug the gnawing Fire.
Let's even now; maugre Encreaſe of Pain,
Think all our by-paſt Pleaſures o'er again.
How ſtrutted I, when ſtil'd *Great King, Great Lord*?
E. How lofty I, when by my Court *ador'd*?
(fring'd,
H. When we the Pope's and Church's Rights in-
How pleaſant then it was to be reveng'd.
When we by *Sacrilege* vaſt Treaſures made,
And at our Feet the *hallow'd* Riches laid?
With what ſtrange Tranſport did we then behold
The *Altar's* Jewels, and the *Church's* Gold?
But Joy exceſſive, when into my Hands
I ſeiz'd the (*e*) Abbies and the Abbey-Lands.
E. Old *Charters*, Father, you and I have read,
In which, on Pain of *Curſe*, we were forbid
To meddle with the Church's *Patrimony*,
For it is God's; not to be touch'd by any.
How durſt you then preſume to take away
The Sacred Treaſures that on *Altars* lay? How

(*e*) The Reader may find the ancient Deeds, Charters and Donations to the Clergy, Church, Abbeys, and other Religious Houſes in *Dugdale's Monaſticon*, in which he will ſee the many dreadful and heavy Curſes denounced againſt all thoſe who ſhall any way, knowingly and maliciouſly, alienate

How durſt you ſeize *Church-Lands, rob Prieſts and Poor,*
And turn the vow'd Religious out of Door?

H. I ſlighted all thoſe Charter-Curſes, when
I look'd upon and ſeiz'd the Sacred Gain;
But now I do Experience to my Grief
Their dire Effects; nor hope I for Relief.
Yet ſtill I love and hug the Satisfaction
I then enjoy'd in ev'ry wicked Action.

E. The very Thoughts of thoſe our *Pleaſures paſt,*
And of *Celeſtial Joys* that we have loſt,
Rack me with horrid Pain that ſeems to tear
My Soul two diff'rent ways with Hooks of Fire.

H. And what is worſe, we muſt expect to be
Torn thus in Pieces for Eternity.

E. This

alienate, or violently take away the Church's Lands, and deprive it of it's Rights, Donations and Privileges. Such for Inſtance as this following, which I have tranſcrib'd out of Mr. *Chamberlayn's* Preſent State of *England*, printed 1704; Edit. 21.

In the Parliament, *Anno* 1253, the King ſtood up with his Hand upon his Breaſt; all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal ſtood with burning Tapers in their Hands, and the Archbiſhop pronounc'd as follows.

By the Authority of God Omnipotent, of the Son and of the Holy Ghoſt, &c. *We Excommunicate, Anathematize, and Sequeſter from our Holy Mother the Church all thoſe who henceforth knowingly and maliciouſly deprive and ſpoil Churches of their Rights: And all thoſe that ſhall, by any Art or Wit, raſhly violate, diminiſh, or alter ſecretly or openly, in Deed Word or Council, thoſe Eccleſiaſtical Liberties,* &c. *granted to the Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Prelates,* &c. *For everlaſting Memory whereof, we have hereunto put our Seal.* After which, all throwing down their Tapers extinguiſht and ſmoaking, they all ſaid, *So let all that ſhall go againſt this Curſe be extinct and ſink in Hell.*

E. This is a Woe beyond the Reach of Thought,
Woe to the Pleaſure that's ſo dearly bought.
H. But who imagin'd it would happen ſo?
(Woe.
E. The more Fools we! And now the more's our
Alaſs! Alaſs! W'are utterly undone;
Curs'd be our wicked Reformation.
Curs'd be the Night you left Queen *Kath'rine's* Bed,
Curs'd be the Day you *Anna Boleyn* wed:
The Time you ſaw her firſt, be it accurſt
With *me*, the Fruit of your unlawful Luſt.
Curs'd be the envious Pride of *Schiſmaticks*,
The ſpiteful Tongues of lying *Hereticks*, (ricks.
And Hands that ſeiz'd Church-Lands and Biſhop-
Curs'd be all thoſe that counſel'd us to change
Religion; may their Thoughts for ever range
On frightful Objects, ever rowl about,
And meet new Pains at ev'ry turn of Thought.
Curs'd be the *Articles* that I and *Ned*
Devis'd, and impious *Liturgies* we made:
Curs'd be our *Penal-Laws* and *Oaths ſupreme*,
May they be Fewel for eternal Flame.
Curs'd be the Inſtruments, by which we ſhed,
Of holy Martyrs, ſuch vaſt Streams of Blood,
And curs'd be *Walſingham's* and *Leiceſter's* Plots,
And *mine* againſt the pious Queen of *Scots*.
I curſe the Day in which my ſelf was born;
May't never more in Annual Circle turn.
I curſe *You*, *Father*, and my *Mother* too;
Ten thouſand double Curſes light on *You*.

H. Curſe on. The Curſes of the Damned are
Th' Effects of horrible and black Deſpair.
I curſe *You*, *Daughter*, as you curſed me.
With Curſes heavier; if ſuch there be:
As you have curs'd th' *Occaſions* of our Sin,
Juſt ſo do I; I curſe them o'er again;
And add to theſe a thouſand Curſes more,
We'll curſe eternally, and ne'er give o'er.

The End of the Third Canto.

England's REFORMATION.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Of Church Affairs 'tis ſtill I ſing
In Reign of James *the Northern King*;
Of Charles *his Son, and* Charles *his Grandſon.*
The Presbyterian *Kirk's Expanſion.*
Of other things I make Report,
As the Diſpute at Hampton-Court.
The Bible *o'er again tranſlated:*
The Powder-Plot, *and who 'twas made it.*
Records of Parker's *Conſecration*
At Lambeth, *publiſh'd by* Frank Maſon.
Of a new Common-Prayer-Book *made,*
And ſent the Scots, *by Biſhop* Laud;
And how Jane Gaddis, *that ſhrewd Quean,*
Pelted for reading it the Dean:
What Miſchiefs did in Kirks ariſe
From ſetting Tables *Altar-wiſe:*
How Grantham's *Vicar by the Rabble*
Was bang'd about Communion-Table.
The Propagation of the Word
By Blood, *and* Wounds, *and* Fire *and* Sword,

And the Beheading of their King;
Of a New Prieſthood *too I ſing,*
Made by New Forms *of Conſecration,*
At Charles *the Second's Reſtauration,*
At laſt the Canto *Ends in* Plots
Contriv'd by Tony, Tong, *and* Oates.

IF the deep Learn'd Aſterial Quacks
Paint *Time* to Life, in *Almanacks*,
He has on Brow a Lock of Hair,
But all his Head beſide is bare.
Inſtructive Lock! Turn he his Back
You'll never catch him by the Lock.
A Sythe he bears in his Right-hand,
And in his Left a Glaſs of Sand,
To ſhew, that when your Hour's run,
As Folk cut Graſs, he mows you down.

This Workman lopping off the Queen,
Made Room for *James* the Firſt to Reign;
Who catching *Forelock* mounts the *Throne*
'Ere any other got thereon.
The Ceremonies being done
About his Coronation,
He very briskly falls to work,
As all Kings do, in Clouting Kirk.
For ſince our Princes were *Supreme*
In Church Affairs, not one of them,
At coming to the Crown, but hath
Reform'd his Predeceſſor's Faith;
(f) *As if Religion were intended*
For nothing elſe but to be mended.

This prudent King, perceiving now
The greateſt Thing he had to do,
Was to unite, if't cou'd be done,
Two diſagreeing Kirks in One;

And

(f) *Hudibras.*

And ſo compoſe th' eternal Jars
'Twixt Biſhops and the Presbyters;
A Conference at *Hampton Court*
Appoints, to which both Sides reſort;
All choſen Men for Brain and Lungs,
Well arm'd with Texts and nimble Tongues
Of Biſhops, *London*, *Wincheſter*,
And *Durham*, and their Deans were there,
'Gainſt whom came *Reynolds* briskly on,
With *Knewſtubs*, *Sparks*, and *Chaderton*;
Which Four againſt the Prelates ſtorm'd,
For not be'ng thorowly reform'd.
We'd have your Lordſhips know, ſay they,
That twenty Blocks lie in our way,
Which till remov'd, ne'er think upon
What you require, *an Union.*
The (*g*) Croſs in Baptiſm caſt away,
And throw your *Smocks* off when you pray.
In Pulpits place Preachers of Worth,
Zealous and *luſty Lolaers-forth*,
That can *preach* by the Spirit's Motion,
And *pray* till one may hear Devotion
Break out in Twang of Noſe, and hums,
And ſobs and ſounds, like Kettle-Drums.

Let *Presbyters* each in his Pariſh,
'Tween *Portſmouth*, *Tweed*, *Land's-end* and *Harwich*,
Have Leave of (*h*) Confirmation:
So may the Children through the Nation

All

(*g*) One of their Scruples (ſays *Baker*) was the *Croſs* in Baptiſm; the next Thing objected was the Wearing the *Surplice*; another, That good Paſtors might be planted in all Churches, to preach the *pure Doctrine according to God's Word.*

(*h*) *Another*; That *Confirmation* might not be by Biſhops *only*, but that every Paſtor in his Pariſh

All times with greater Eaſe hav't granted,
(Or old Folks either, if they want it)
Than wait till they a Biſhop ſee,
Which Ten to One may never be.

Next, *let the* (*i*) *Church's Doctrine be Sound; and correct it's Liturgy.*
For what you call the (*k*) Common-Pray'r
Is ſuperſtitious ev'ry where.
It's *Pſalms*, it's *Leſſons*, and what elſe
Of Scripture, are tranſlated falſe:
The Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt
Thro' all it's Scripture part is loſt,
Becauſe the Verſion's alter'd quite
From what the Sacred Pen-Men write.
Agaſt at this the Biſhops look,
And (*l*) *Reynolds* opened the Book,

Which

might *confirm*; but this was thought to intrench too much upon the Juriſdiction of Biſhops, and to be a Step to bring in a Presbyterian Government, which the King much miſliked. *Baker.*

(*i*) *Another Requeſt was*, That the Doctrine of the Church might be preſerved in Purity, according to God's Word.

(*k*) *Another:* That the Book of Common-Prayer may be fitted to more Encreaſe of Piety, *See* Baker's *Chron.* pag. 444, 445, 446.

The King and Biſhops gave Satisfaction to none of theſe their Demands.

(*l*) Beſides what *Reynolds*, *Sparks*, *Chaderton* and *Knewſtubs* had objected againſt the Common-Prayer, the *Miriſters* of *Lincoln Dioceſs* wrote a Book againſt it, which they deliver'd to his Majeſty, *December* 1. 1606; in an Abridgment of which Book, I find theſe following Objections againſt it; Firſt, That

Which carefully from End to End
He turn'd, and ev'ry Sentence ſcan'd;
Condemning many Faults again,
That had been found in *Beſſy*'s Reign;
Diſcov'ring yet an hundred more
Than e'er had been obſerv'd before,
All which the *Presbyterian* Side
Demanded might be rectify'd,
But this the *Biſhops* would not do,
Nor would the King conſent thereto,
Thinking it would diſgrace old *Cranmer*,
And brand him for a *falſe Reformer*,
For them to own what he ſet forth
Corrupted, and of little worth.
Tho' they would not make Reparation
Of it's groſs Faults by *true* Tranſlation;
Yet did the King think fit, that they
Should rectify't another way.
We'll let, ſays he, the Letter ſtand,
But yet it's *Senſe* ſhall be *explain'd*:
For Change of Senſe, I know, is better
Than Alteration of the Letter,

That the Book of Common-Prayer appointed ſuch a Tranſlation of the Holy Scriptures to be read in the Church, as leaveth out of the Text ſundry Words and Sentences which were given of Divine Inſpiration. pag. 14.

It doth add both Words and Sentences to the Text, to the Changing and obſcuring of the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, pag. 15.

Such a Tranſlation, as is in many Places abſurd, and ſuch as no reaſonable Senſe can be made of, pag. 16.

In very many Places it perverteth the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, by a falſe Interpretation of the Text, pag. 17.

In

And will leſs ſcandalize the Weak:
What ſay ye to't? Speak, Biſhops, ſpeak!
Learn'd Prince, ſay they, your Words are wiſe,
None can a better way deviſe.
Go then, ſays he, *explain* the Book,
And not one Error overlook.
They do ſo; and their Explanation
He authoriz'd by Proclamation.
This ſort of complemental Action,
Gave none or little Satisfaction
To *Reynolds*, and his Godly Train,
Who look'd on't as a Trifle vain;
And told 'em ſuch an Explanation
Was but Impoſing on the Nation
A Senſe, the Words of Common-Prayer,
While uncorrected, could not bear.
Your Ceremonies (but in vain)
You may in ſome fond ſort explain;
But how (ſay they) can Explanation
Turn into Truth a *falſe Tranſlation*?
Your Explanation, tho't be good,
Yet the falſe Verſion ſtands where't ſtood.

What

In that *Abridgment* there are *Exceptions* againſt the *Common-Prayer*, *Catechiſm*, *Homilies*, and ſome of the 39 *Articles*.

We thought meet, ſays the King, with the Conſent of the Biſhops, *&c.* that ſome ſmall things might rather be *explained* than *changed*; and for that purpoſe gave further Commiſſion under our Great Seal of *England* to the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and others, *&c.* to make the ſaid *Explanation*, and to cauſe the whole Book of Common-Prayer, with the ſame *Explanation*, to be newly printed. See the King's Proclamation, generally printed at the Fore-end of the Common-Prayer-Book.

What Reaſon then to think, that we
Should e'er (*m*) *ſubſcribe* your Liturgy?
And therefore never move us to't,
Nor puniſh ſuch as will not do't.
Conſcience ſhould not be forc'd, but free
In Days of *Goſpel Liberty*.

This put the Biſhops to a ſtand,
'Till *Cæſar* took their Cauſe in Hand,
Who very hotly held Diſpute
To help the baffl'd Biſhops out.
The (*n*) *Goſpel hath been preached here*,
Says he, *this five and forty Year*:
And is not this of *ancient* ſtanding
Enough to pleaſe you without mending?
Go, ſtubborn Villains, and comply,
Or elſe, by *Kirk's Antiquity*
I ſwear I'll ſouſe-ye, by and by.

His other Arguments were few,
Some think but *One*, and ſome ſay *Two*,
(If *Three*, the laſt a curled Brow)
For his *I WILL*, or *I WILL NOT*,
When with an awful Forehead put,
'Gainſt *Reynolds* and his Whigs prevail'd,
When all the Biſhops Logick fail'd.

Be

(*m*) After many other Points moved by Dr. *Reynolds*, he came at laſt to Subſcription, intreating it might not be exacted as heretofore. *Baker*.

(*n*) *In fine*, *The King told them*, *That* if, after the Goſpel's preaching 45 Years among you, (*A long time indeed*) there be any yet in theſe Points unſatisfy'd, I doubt it proceeds rather out of Stubbornneſs of Opinion, than out of Tenderneſs of Conſcience; and

Before the Conf'rence did begin,
He could have told what Side wou'd win;
For he had long before been weary
Of *Knox* and *Murray*'s Presbytery;
And knew their Principles pernicious
To Kings, rebellious and ſeditious;
And underſtood as well their Knacks
As he who ſince wrote *Philanax*;
Therefore reſolved to run down
Short Cloaks, and up Lawn-ſleeves and *Gown*.
Beſides, his *Mother*'s Baniſhment,
And Dangers that *he* underwent
Himſelf, while in his tender Years
He govern'd was by Presbyters,
Were no ſmall Motives to incline him
To th' Biſhops ſide, who gladly join him.
And when the Conference was ended,
Becauſe he had ſo well defended
Their Common-Prayer and ſinking Cauſe,
They lift to Heav'n their foremoſt Paws;
And *Canterbury* rowl'd his Eyes,
Like Pullets-Eggs, up to the Skies;

For

and therefore let them conform themſelves, or elſe they ſhall hear further of it. *Vid.* Baker *Supr.*

Notwithſtanding the many *Errors*, *falſe Tranſlations* and *Corruptions* of Scripture found in the *Common-Prayer-Book*, by the Presbyterians, yet the King and his Biſhops, in the Book of *Canons*, made in their *Convocation* of 1603, and printed in 1604, oblige every Body, under Pain of *Excommunication*, to hold it for true and good, as in.

Canon 4. Whoſoever ſhall hereafter affirm, That the Form of Gods worſhip in the Church of *England*, eſtabliſhed by Law, and contained in the Book of Common Prayer and Adminiſtration of Sacraments, is a corrupt, ſuperſtitious, or unlawful Worſhip of God

For Breath he gaſps, and fit to choak,
'Till Tears broke out, and than he ſpoke.
I'm juſt *beſides my ſelf* with Joy,
And if you'd know the reaſon why,
It is becauſe our God-like Prince
Stood ſtiffly to't in our Defence,
'Till he has theſe our Foes confuted,
O, happy we! that he diſputed,
Who had the Holy Spirit's Aid
To dictate ev'ry Word he ſaid;
I'm ſure his Tongue did never move
But by Aſſiſtance from above.
It pleaſed their Church's Head to be
Flatter'd ſo full of Deity.

After the Prayer-Book's Explanation,
To fit the Rhyme, comes in Tranſlation;
And therefore what you meet with next
Is a new *Verſion* of the Text:
For skill'd Reformers Bibles cobble
As Poets Verſes do that hobble.

(o) *Reynolds* and *Knewſtubs*, and their Men,
Againſt falſe Bibles now complain;
And told the Biſhops, in great Wrath,
They had impos'd, for *Rule of Faith*,
Scripture corrupt and falſify'd,
(Thoſe needs muſt err ſuch falſe Rules guide)

It's

God, or containeth any thing in it, that is repugnant to the Scriptures: Let him be Excommunicated *ipſo facto*, and not reſtored but by the Biſhop of the place, or Archbiſhop, after his repentance and publick revocation of ſuch his wicked Errors.

(o) Another Motion of Dr. *Reynolds* was, That there might be a new Tranſlation of the Bible, becauſe the preſent Tranſlations were corrupt. *Baker.*

It's now full *five and forty* Year
Since our new Goſpel budded here;
Yet it has ne'er had better Ground
Than Bibles falſe, corrupt, unſound.
What but a Toad ſtool can ſpring out
Of a corrupted rotten Root?
Here *Reynolds* ſtop'd: The Biſhops ſtood
Silent as carved Men of Wood,
Not thinking fitting to deny
What could be prov'd apparently;
Nor willing it ſhould be related,
Their Rule of Faith was falſe tranſlated;
So not a Man wou'd move his Tongue.
The King ſuſpecting all was wrong,
Bids 'em bring every Tranſlation
That had been ſince the Reformation;
Will Tindal's Bible in they bring,
And *Matthew's* Bible; quoth the King,
I know 'em both, they're good for nought;
Then they bring *Graſton's* Bible out;
Geneva's Bible follows this,
And Three more Bibles made by *Beſs*,
The King himſelf no Labour ſpar'd
To compare, and to ſee compar'd
Thoſe Verſions with the *Greek* and *Hebrew*
Originals; for both Tongues he knew
As well as *Cabaliſtick Seers*,
Or *Ptolomy's Interpreters*.
The further on he did proceed,
The more he found they diſagreed:
At laſt he flung 'em all away,
And to the *Diſputants* did ſay,
Here's not one (*p*) *Bible*. O my-Saul,
That's good: Geneva's *is the worſt of all.*

My

(*p*) The King told them he could never yet ſee a Bible well tranſlated into *Engliſh*; and the *Geneva* Tranſlation was the worſt of all. *See Confer. before his Majeſty*, p. 46.

My Lords, ſays he, I'll ha' the Nation
Cheated no more with *Falſe* Tranſlation;
And therefore quickly go about
The fitting of another out,
And ſee, it be in ev'ry Part
Right or at leaſt *Secundum Art*;
That is, *Humph*, Popery! ye ken
My Meaning: Go about it then.
The Biſhops, who by ſuch a Hint
Gueſt eaſily at what he meant,
Proteſted they'd enough of Zeal
'Gainſt Popery to do it well.
The learned'ſt Doctors in the Land
That did, or did not underſtand
The Antient Language *Moſes* ſpoke,
When he compos'd the *Pentateuch*,
Were gather'd by the Convocation,
To help to make this *New Tranſlation*;
To work they go, no Hand was idle,
Till out there comes another *Bible*.
New Rule of Faith, to guide the Nation,
They nam'd it *King James's Tranſlation*;
Yet not much better than the reſt,
As by their Learn'd muſt be confeſt,
Who always in each new Edition
Change ſomething from the firſt Impreſſion;
So that of diff'rent Bibles now
The Number's very hard to know,
Or whether th'oldeſt, or the neweſt,
Or which of all the reſt is trueſt.
Some think they're all not worth a Button,
Witneſs the *Oxford* Polyglotton,
Which differs from 'em ev'ry one
In it's *Engliſh* Tranſlation.

As *Jove* could into diff'rent Shapes
Transform himſelf to act his Rapes,
So thoſe Reforming Juglers twiſted
Their Bible to what Form they liſted,

To

To authorize, by each Tranſlation,
A New or Further Reformation.
As all their firſt Tranſlation ſpoke
Againſt the Faith they then forſook,
So this, made in King *James*'s Reign,
Is levell'd at the *Puritan*.

For Inſtance, *Beſſy*'s firſt Tranſlation
Chang'd the Word *Church* to *Congregation*,
Becauſe they'd left the *Church of Rome*,
And had nought like a *Church* at home.
But this turns *Congregation* out,
And *Church* into it's Place is brought,
Becauſe they now (forſooth) wou'd be
A *Church* under an *Hierarchy*,
(A very fair Advance I ſwear
In *Four* or *Five and Forty Year*)
And count Presbyters, and the reſt,
But *Congregations*, at the beſt.

This *Congregation-Church* wou'd be
Believ'd to have an Hierarchy ;
And now pretends to *Ordination*
Epiſcopal, and *Conſecration* :
Therefore has brought under Correction
Ordaining Elders by Election.
Election they'll no longer try
To make a Prieſt or Biſhop by,
And ſo have from the Bible raz'd it,
Where their *Elected* Grand-Sires plac'd it.

And now themſelves they mean to carry
Like Biſhops o'er th' Presbytery ;
Will have the Clergy give Attendance
To *Them*, on *Them* have whole Dependance,
Be *Rul'd* and *Govern'd*, and to ſtand
Obedient to *Their* Command.

So therefore in this Bible read
(a) *RULE*, which was in the former *Feed*;
And for the ſame Cauſe tranſlate (b) *Power*,
Which was *Prerogative* before.

(c) *Tradition* now comes into Play,
Which former Bibles caſt away,
And did, in Place of it, advance
Inſtruction and *Ordinance*.
The Biſhops own ſome pious Uſes,
Which other Sects count grand Abuſes;
As Chriſt'ning *Infants* 'ere they have
The Uſe of Reaſon to Believe;
Baptiſmal *Croſs*; and Wedding-Rings;
Worſhipping Brides, thoſe pretty Things;
Kneeling when they Communicate,
(Although it is but Bread they eat)
Breaking the (d) *Sabbath-day*, and keeping
The *Firſt Day* (e) Holy. (And for ſleeping)

(a) In St. *Mat.* v. 6. the true Reading is, *Out of thee* (Bethlehem) *ſhall riſe up a Ruler that ſhall rule my People* Iſrael. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Tranſlators were ſo much afraid of being *Ruled*, that they falſly turned the Word *Rule* into *Feed*: But King *James*'s Biſhops finding in themſelves a *Power of Ruling* the Presbyterians and other Sects, corrected the Corruption.

(b) In the Bible of 1599, St. *John* c. 1. v. 13. *Prerogative* is corruptly put inſtead of *Power*; but is corrected in King *James*'s Bible.

(c) Queen *Elizabeth*'s Bibles, printed *Anno* 1560, 1597, 1599, have *Inſtructions* and *Ordinances* inſtead of *Traditions*: Which falſe Verſions King *James*'s Tranſlators have corrected.

(d) *Saturday*.

(e) *Sunday*.

Candles unlighted (*f*) on God's Board;
And wearing, when they ſerve the Lord,
Lawn-Sleeves, Gowns, Rochets, Surplices,
Caps, Tippets, and ſuch Things as theſe,
Which all the Sects of purer Saints
Condemn for Popiſh Ornaments.
Theſe other Cuſtoms held for good-ones,
As eating Blood in good Black-puddings,
And Giblet-Pies, with other Food
That cunning Cooks make up of Blood:
Feeding on ſtrangled Things, as *Hares*,
And other Creatures caught in Snares.
Faſting on *Vigils*, and in *Lent*;
Keeping the Feaſt of ev'ry Saint
That in their *Common-Pray'r* is found,
As by it's *Rubricks* they are bound.
All which ſaid Cuſtoms they could not
Defend by any Word, but that
Old Word *Tradition*; therefore they
Have turn'd their *Ordinance* away,
And in it's Place again have fixt
Tradition. Thus they mend the Text.

They mend it only in ſuch Places
As ſeem to croſs their preſent Caſes,
By giving Liberty to ſuch
New Sects as ſpring up in their Church.
But when in any Place they found
The Text corrupted and unſound,
If 't did the *Roman* Faith offend,
They ſeldom would the Error mend:
As for Example in the (*g*) Margent
I'll ſhew; but will not much enlarge on't.

In

(*f*) They ſtand always unlighted in Proteſtant Kirks.

(*g*) The King's Bible ſtill retains the Word *Elder* inſtead of *Prieſt* becauſe, under the Name

Prieſt

In ſhort, This laſt Tranſlation ſtill
Is *falſe*, *corrupt*. almoſt as ill
As thoſe crook'd Rules of Faith they had
In Days of *El'zabeth* and *Ned*.
Thus, as their Faith held on it's Courſe
Of Change, from better to the worſe,
Or from the worſe again to better,
So alter'd they the Scripture's Letter,
And made it ply, like Wax of Bee,
To ev'ry Shape of *Hereſy*.
New Faiths were ſtill the *Rules* they had,
By which their *Rules of Faith were made*.
So Water brings forth Ice, and then
Ice into Water turns again.

Prieſt, they knew People generally underſtood a *Catholick Prieſt*, not a *Proteſtant Miniſter*. Nor can their Miniſters to this Day get themſelves ſtiled *Prieſts* (unleſs when ſpoke with Deſign) but *Parſons*, *Miniſters*, or *Elders*. And their Writers, in King *James* the Second's Time, were extreamly fond of being called *Miniſterial Guides* (Forſooth) and entitled themſelves ſo in their Writings. A Term ridiculous enough to ſuch, as grant they have no *Power* to *guide*, nor any Body *obliged* to be *guided* by them, as appears in *Burnet's Expoſition of the* 39 *Articles*.

In that Text of the Prophet *Malachi*, c. 2. v. 7. which, when truly tranſlated, is *The Prieſt's Lips* ſhall *keep Knowledge*, *and they* ſhall *ſeek the Law at his Mouth*, *becauſe*, *he is the* Angel *of the Lord of Hoſts*. Queen *Elizabeth's* Bibles falſly turn the Word *ſhall* into *ſhould*; and *Angel* into *Meſſenger*; and King *James's* ſtill retains the Corruption: Suggeſting by it, That the Prieſt's Lips *ſhould* keep Knowledge, and teach the Law, but *do* not. Their turning *Angel* into *Meſſenger*, is done alſo to leſ-

ſon the Dignity of Prieſthood. The whole Corruption is deſigned to render not only particular Bishops and Prieſts contemptible, but to ſtamp the Character of *Fallibility* on even approved General Councils, and the Supreme High-Prieſt that ſits in the Chair of that Great Apoſtle, for whom Chriſt pray'd, *That his Faith ſhould not fail*; yea, upon the whole Catholick Church whether collective or diffuſive.

But, if the Catholick Church be Fallible, (as they wou'd make it,) What can we expect from that Thing, which calls it ſelf *The Church of England*? Muſt we ſeek for the *Law* and *Goſpel* at the Lips of it's *Elders* and *Miniſterial Guides*, or at it's Convocations and Councils, tho' the greateſt they can gather?

Dr. *Burnet*, Bp. of *Sarum*, in his *Expoſition* on the 20th Article, p. 195, 196, tells us better Things. (His Words are already noted above, in *Canto* 2. *p.* 46. *Marg.*) He ſets every Man on a Level with the whole Body of the Church of *England* Paſtors. The *Tinker* has as much *Authority in Matters of Faith* as the *Biſhop*: the *Cobler*, as the *Church*; perhaps more, from being allow'd to *examine the Matter over again*; and if, at laſt, the *publick Deciſions* cannot pleaſe him, he may light his *Tobacco-pipe* with 'em, and *decide* for himſelf.

By this, not one Proteſtant in *England* has any Obligation at all, in Conſcience, to believe any one of their 39 Articles upon the Authority of the Convocation that made them, or Church that propoſes them. The ſame may be ſaid of their *Common-Prayer*, *Catechiſms*, *Homilies*, *Canons*, *Injunctions*, *Preachings*, *Sacraments*, &c. Upon *their* Church's Authority, I ſay.

Is it not then the moſt *unjuſt and greateſt Tyranny* over Men's Conſciences that can be imagin'd, to puniſh *Diſſenters* by Loſs of Eſtates, Impriſonments,

Loſs

Loſs of Life (as hath too often been practis'd, by Force of their Penal Laws,) and ſending their Souls to the Devil, by their *Canons*? In them, I ſay, who declare they have no more Authority than the Man they ſo *hang* and *damn*, has to judge for himſelf.

In 1 *Tim.* c. 4. v. 14. and 2 *Tim.* c. 1. v. 6. King *James*'s Bible ſtill follows the old Corruption, *Gift* inſtead of *Grace*. The 25th of the 39 Articles, obliges them to this, by it's denying *Holy Order* to be a Sacrament, or to have *any viſible Sign or Ceremony Ordained of God*. Conſequently no inviſible *Grace*.

King *James*'s Tranſlation retains yet the Word *Elder* inſtead of *Prieſt*; and becauſe thoſe *Gifted* Elders cannot be without *Wives*, they reſolve their Bibles ſhall allow them, tho' they make 'em of their Siſters. As 1 *Cor.* c. 9. v. 5. where St. *Paul* ſays, *Have not we Power to lead about a Woman a Siſter*? They falſly turn the Word *Woman* into *Wife*. Queen *Elizabeth*'s Bibles of 1598, 1599, ſay, 'Have 'not we Power to lead about *a Wife being a Siſter*? 'The King's Bible has it, *a Siſter, a Wife*; ſee that printed at *London* 1703. They alſo retain the ridiculous Corruption *Yoke-fellow*, inſtead of *Companion*, Phil. 4.

The King's Bibles keep ſtill that impious and ſpiteful Corruption againſt our Bleſſed Lady (St. *Luke* c. 1.) Hail, *Thou that art highly favoured*, which ſhould be, Hail, *Full of Grace*. This is invidiouſly done to diſgrace and leſſen the Bleſſed Virgin, Mother of God; and, as much as in them lies, to debaſe her to the Level of their own *highly favoured Yoke-fellows*.

Nor have they corrected that malicious Corruption in the 20th Chapter of *Exodus*, ver. 4. 'Thou

'*Thou ſhalt not make to thy ſelf any Graven Image.*' Which, if truly tranſlated according to the *Hebrew*, ſhould be *Graven Thing*, or *Graven Idol*, as the *Greeks* interpret it. But the Word *Image* is neither in *Hebrew*, *Greek*, or *Latin*, but altogether againſt the Meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, who, on the contrary, commanded the Jews to make *Images*, and to place them in the *Temple*: This Corruption is got into their *Common-Prayer Books* and *Catechiſms* in their Second Commandment: Thereby they ſtamp on the tender Souls of their Children ſuch a Horror againſt Holy Images, and ſo rivet it into the Heads of the People, that they look upon the *Image of Chriſt crucify'd on the Croſs* with a great deal more Fear and Terror, than they would do to behold the Devil himſelf: The Devil's Image they freely make in the horrideſt Figures imaginable, which they keep tenderly enough: And, to honour it the more, have exalted it (in the ugly poiſonous Form of a great *Dragon*) to the Top of their Church-Steeples, where the *Croſs of Chriſt* us'd formerly to ſtand. Witneſs *Bow-Church* in *London*, and *Covent-Garden Church*: The firſt has a Dragon on the Steeple; the other, a Serpent over the Door.

The King, deſigning to prevent
All future Strife by Argument,
And ſtamp Authority upon
What had been *well*, *or not well done*
Before his Time, in *Faith* and *Worſhip*,
By Regal Power, or Power of Biſhop,
Speaks in a grave religious Faſhion
To his attentive Convocation.
My Lords, you know our prudent *quondam*
Queen *Elz'abeth*, a Pious Bon-Dame,
Secur'd her Kirk by *Statutes Penal*
'Gainſt Life and Goods, which you have ſeen all,

And

And know full well that their Effect
Comes ſhort of what you did expect.
I have a Project reaches further
By far than that, were't put in Order;
And it is this: A *Ghoſtly Law*
Muſt ſtrike in People greater Awe
Than all your *Penal Statutes*, which
No further than the Body reach:
For what ſtrikes at the Soul, I'm ſure,
None but an Atheiſt can endure.
Therefore to work I'd ha' ye go,
And bind their Souls by Ghoſtly Law.
Of *Canons* make a *Corpus-juris*,
T' affirm that our Religion *pure* is:
And (*b*) Excommunicate all ſuch
As think not Orthodox our Church.
An Excommunication's frightful,
'Cauſe to the Devil't ſends the Spiteful,
And damns 'em for their *wicked Errors*.
This muſt ſtrike Folk with dreadful Terrors,
And make 'em glad with us to joyn
In *Worſhip*, *Faith*, and *Diſcipline*.
Spirit'al Weapons keener are
Than *all* the Edge-Tools us'd in War.

They

(*b*) *Rogers*'s Explanation of the *Thirty-nine Articles* (the Book call'd, *The Catholick Doctrine of the Church of* England *peruſed and allowed by the lawful Authority of the Church of* England) tells us, That the moſt ſevere and uttermoſt Puniſhment that the viſible Church can inflict upon the Wicked, is *Excommunication*. Which is to put the *wicked Doer* from the Company of the Faithful, to deliver him unto *Satan*, and to denounce him a Heathen and a Publican. A Man ſo cut off from the Congregation, and excommunicated, is not to be eaten withal, nor to be received into a Houſe. *See the* 33*d of the* 39 *Articles, and* Rogers's *Explanation upon it.*

They all conſented to the ſame,
And out a Book of *Canons* came;
I think in Number, *off and on*,
An Hundred and Forty one.
I have put down ſome two or three,
For th' reſt the Book of *Canons* ſee.
Canon the Third (*i*) preſumes to call
Their new Church *Apoſtolical*:
And yet King *James*, Learn'd Prince and Sage,
At *Forty-five Years* dates it's Age.
That is from th' Firſt Year of the Reign
Of it's grand Foundreſs, *Beſs* the Queen.
Oh! What a gaping *Chaſm* here's!
A Leap of Fourteen hundred Years
Between th' Apoſtles Time and *Beſſy's*.
Was ever ſuch a *Bull* as this is?

The (*k*) Fourth *heals* up the Common-Prayer,
Yet *cures* not one Corruption there;
But all that *Reynolds* and his Men
Complain'd of, to this Day remain.

(*l*) The Fifth approves the *Thirty nine*
For *Pious Doctrines* and *Divine*.
Yet in the Seventeenth you'll ſee
Involv'd *Calvinian* Blaſphemy,
Riſing from (*m*) Abſolute *Decrees*,
And from Eternal *Purpoſes*;

Which,

(*m*) Dr. *Burnet*, on this 17th Article ſays, It is very probable that thoſe who penned it meant that the Decree was abſolute, (*or, as he calls it a little before*) God's eternal Purpoſe and Decree made purely upon an abſolute Will. He ſays alſo, That the *Calviniſts* have leſs Occaſion for Scruple (*in ſubſcribing, than the Remonſtrants*) ſince the Article does ſeem more plainly to favour them.

Which, in plain Conſequence, bring in
God for the Author of all Sin.
Chriſt's Church, the Nineteenth Article,
In Spite of *Chriſt*, makes *Fallible*.
Hope, *Charity*, and *Good Works* are
Excluded quite from any Share
In Man's Juſtification.
It's *Faith* muſt ſave him, *Faith alone*.
Th' Eleventh calls this Doctrine *wholſom*.
And paums't on Souls for *Sov'reign Balſam*.
The Twenty-eighth's an abſurd Fiction.
The Thirty-fifth's a Contradiction.
The Eighth, (*n*) and Thirty ſixth, do bind
Young Elders, that wou'd be Ordain'd,
To *Edward*'s Form of Ordination
Tho' now *not* us'd, but out of Faſhion.
Their Biſhopſhips do alſo lye
Under the ſame Canonick Tye
Of uſing them, when they Ordain
And Conſecrate new Clergy-men;
Yet this they never meant to do
Since Sixteen hundred Sixty-two.
For then it was they new ones made,
And by, as *null*, the old ones laid.
When they thoſe *Forms* chang'd, it is ſtrange
They did not then theſe *Canons* change,
And the Thirty-ſixth *Article*,
Which binds them all to uſe them ſtill.
Then could not it ſo flatly go
Againſt their Oath *Ex animo*.
But now obſerve their wretched State,
You'll find 'em Excommunicate.
They break a main Point of their Faith,
Subſcribe and Swear till out of Breath,
By all the Fleſh upon their Backs,
Till over-ſtretched Conſcience cracks.
Their Canons, *Faith*, *and Perjury*,
Do damn them by Authority.

(*i*) *Canon* 3. Whoſoever ſhall hereafter affirm, That the Church of *England* by Law eſtabliſh'd under the King's Majeſty, is not a true and an Apoſtolical Church, teaching and maintaining the Doctrine of the Apoſtles: Let him be Excommunicated *ipſo facto*, and not reſtored, but only by the Archbiſhop, after his Repentance and publick Revocation of this his wicked Error.

(*k*) *Canon* 4. As page 80. *Canto* IV. *ſupra margin.*

(*l*) *Canon* 5. Vide ſupra Canto II. page 262.

Canon 6 Excommunicates Impugners of the Rites and Ceremonies eſtabliſhed in the Church of *England.*

(*n*) *Canon* 8. Excommunicates Impugners, of the form of Conſecrating and Ordering Archbiſhops, Biſhops, &c. in the Church of *England.*

(*n*) *Cannon* 36. No Perſon ſhall hereafter be received into the Miniſtry, &c. except he ſhall firſt ſubſcribe to theſe three Articles following.

1 That the King's Majeſty, under God, is the only Supreme Governour of this Realm, and of all other his Highneſs Dominions and Countries, as well in all Spiritual or Eccleſiaſtical things or cauſes, as Temporal, and that no Foreign Prince, Perſon, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Juriſdiction, Power, Superiority, Preheminence or Authority Eccleſiaſtical or Spiritual, within his Majeſty's ſaid Realms, Dominions and Countries.

2 That the Book of Common Prayer, and of Ordering of Biſhops, Prieſts and Deacons containeth in it nothing contrary to the word of God, and that it may lawfully be uſed, and that he himſelf will uſe the Form in the ſaid Book preſcribed in publick Prayer, and Adminiſtration of the Sacraments, and none other.

3. That he alloweth the Book of Articles of Religion agreed upon by the Archbiſhops and Biſhops of both Provinces, and the whole Clergy in the Convocation holden at *London* in the Year of our Lord God,

God, one thouſand five hundred ſixty and two; and that he acknowledgeth all and every the Articles therein contained, being in Number nine and thirty, beſides the Ratification, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

To theſe three Articles whoſoever will ſubſcribe, he ſhall, for the avoiding of all Ambiguities, ſubſcribe in this Order and Form of Words, ſetting down both his Chriſtian and Sir-name, *viz. I* N. N. *do willingly and* ex animo *ſubſcribe to theſe three Articles above mentioned, and to all things that are contained in them.*

Well ſworn young Parſon.

Canon 141. Brings up the Rear by excommunicating Depravers of the *Sacred* Synod (*as they ridiculouſly call it.*)

The King, highly elevated with the Conceit of the Performances of his *Sacred* Synod, and the fine Number of Canons they had made him; conſidering alſo his Title of *Defender of the Faith*, thought himſelf ſufficiently impower'd by Divine Authority to ſpread his Church of *England* Religion as far as the Apoſtles did Chriſtianity. He therefore, to begin at home and drive the Work before him, *ſends divers learned Divines into* Scotland *to promote an Uniformity of Religion.* Baker.

And now for *Holland*, to grapple with *Vorſtius*; *whom the States*, ſays *Baker*, *determin'd to entertain for publick Profeſſor of Divinity in* Leyden: *But he, knowing him to hold many Erroneous Opinions*, &c. *earneſtly ſolicited the States, by his own Letters, and by his Leiger, Sir* Ralph Winwood, *by no means to admit the ſaid* Vorſtius *into that Place*, &c, *which, after much ſoliciting, his Requeſt was granted, and* Vorſtius *expell'd.*

The next he ſet upon was *Arminius* and his Doctrines in the Synod of *Dort* in *Holland.* That Synod *conſiſted*, ſays *Baker*, *of learned Divines ſent from the Count Palatine of the Rhine, from* Haſſia, *from* Switzerland, Geneva, Bern, Embden, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Frieſland, *and other Provinces. Some alſo*

alſo were ſent from England, *as* George *Biſhop of* Landaff, *J. Davenant*, *Sam. Ward*, *Thomas Good*, and *Walter Belcanquel a Scot*: *Which Synod was aſſembled to examine and determine the Doctrine of* Arminius *which was at laſt rejected, as alſo that of* Vorſtius, &c. *The Papiſts made ſo little Reckoning of* this Synod, *that one of them, in Scorn, made Eccho cenſure it in this Diſtick.*

Dordraci Synodus? *Nodus.* Chorus integer? *Æger.* Conventus? *Ventus.* Seſſo Stramen? *Amen.*

The next Deſign they ſet on Foot
Was a prodigious Powder-Plot;
Plot that had ſure enough undone 'em,
If't had blown Houſes down upon 'em;
Or blown 'em up, I think the rather
I ſhould ſay, tho' no matter whether;
For the Inventer of the Plot
Deſign'd it ne'er ſhould come to that;
And yet it did not miſs the End
For which it was at firſt deſign'd.

The King at that time kept beſide him
(*a*) One, who out-witted all that try'd him;
Deep Oracle was all he ſaid,
Like that of *Bacon*'s Brazen-head;
An old Serpentine Machivilian,
Not one more crafty in a Million.
His Politicks did ever tend
To ſome miſchievous wicked end:
Religion he had never any,
Yet, like his Dad, profeſs'd as many

As

(*a*) This Sir *Robert Cecil* was made Secretary of State under Queen *Elizabeth* before his Father, Sir *William Cecil*, died, continued in that Office in King *James*'s Time, and upon his good Service in the Plot was made Treaſurer.

As came to Hand, provided that
They firſt were owned by the *State*.
But whatſoever he profeſt
He was a Foe to all the reſt;
Yet had a greater Spite at none
Than Catholick Religion;
Nor any by him more moleſted
Than thoſe good Souls that ſtill profeſs'd it.

This was the Man that did invent
The Plot that ſcar'd the Parliament:
Which to the Papiſts Charge he laid,
Like *Nero*, who in Story's ſaid
To have himſelf ſet *Rome* on Flame,
Then charg'd the *Chriſtians* with the ſame.

Yet *Cecil*, for ſo hight the Man
That this Contrivance carry'd on,
Thought it his beſt not to begin
'Till ſome looſe Papiſts were drawn in;
Such as the Name, but little more
Than this, of that Religion bore.
For from the Guilty his Intent
Was to defame the Innocent.

The Plot (ſays the Author of the *Catholick Apology*) was deſigned to make the Policy of a great States-Man, (*meaning* Cecil) p. 399. Edit. 3.

Father *More*, in his *Poſthumous Hiſtory of the* Engliſh *Province*, ſays, There was no light Suſpicion of a Peer's knowing the Conſpiracy long before its Diſcovery, who cunningly pretended Ignorance, that more might be involved. See *Hiſt. of the Society*, p. 310.

San-

Thus bold unthinking buſie Fools,
Are Politicians working Tools.

Under the *Senate* Houſe there were
Deep Cellars made for *Ale* and *Beer*:
But empty then as *Vacuum*,
Or hollow Belly of a Drum:
And theſe they fill with Thirty-ſix
Gun-Powder-Barrels and dry Sticks:
The Billet-wood above they throw
To hide the Powder ſtow'd below.

Well, having thus prepar'd the Vault,
And all things ready for Aſſault,
To heave the *Senate*, at one Blow,
Higher than e'er they meant to go.
The next great Piece of *Cecil*'s Care
Was to diſcover this Affair

So

Sanderſon, a Proteſtant, intimates the ſame, when he tells us that the *Jeſuits* had a Note of *Cecil*'s Name in their Regiſter; not as a Day-Labourer, but as the Maſter Workman; whoſe foreign and domeſtick Engineers wrought in the Mine of Diſcovery. *Sand.* p. 334.

And the ſaid Charge (ſays the *Ca. Apology* out of *Sanderſon*) *Cecil* himſelf owns, by making this Anſwer to the Complaint of the Catholicks, *That even ſo*, Nero *ſet* Rome *on Fire, and after laid the Blame upon the* Chriſtians. *Sand.* p. 336; *Ca. Ap.* p. 413.

Oſborn, a Proteſtant, in his Hiſt. of K. *James*, p. 36. calls it *A neat Device of the Treaſurer's*. *Cecil* was made Treaſurer immediately after the Diſcovery.

And

So cunningly, that nought of this Ill
Might ſeem to be contriv'd by *Cecil*,
But only by thoſe Papiſts who
He had procur'd to work below.

Cecil, to bring his Plot to light,
Does to the Lord (*b*) *Monteagle* write
A Letter without Date or Place,
Or Name to know from whence it was.
Monteagle was a Papiſt Lord,
Juſt, Loyal, Noble; and abhor'd
Conſpiracies, or any thing
Againſt his Country, God, or King;
Who op'ning this ſurprizing Letter,
Was ſtruck with Wonder at the Matter:
For you muſt know the Myſtick Scrawl,
Like to *Belſhazzar*'s on the Wall,
Seem'd at the firſt ſtrangely myſterious,
But on Conſideration ſerious
He dreaded ſomething might be in't
Relating to the Government;
And therefore does the Letter bring
To *Cecil*; *Cecil* to the King.

The King looks ſeriouſly upon't
Reads o'er a Line and ſtudies on't;

And *Sanderſon* ſays, he was made Earl for his Service in this Buſineſs, p. 306.

And King *James* himſelf (who ſpake not without thinking) uſually call'd the fifth Day of *November*, Cecil's *Holy Day*. Ca. Ap. 432.

(*b*) *Cecil* contriv'd the ſtrange Letter that was ſent to the Lord *Monteagle*. See *Cath. Apol.* p. 405.

And then another Line reads o'er,
And pores on't as he did before;
Lifts up a Lugg, caſts down an Eye,
From it's fift Corner looks, to try
If he the Depth on't could eſpy.
At laſt through oblique Nerve of Sheep's-Eye,
Into the Bottom of it peeps he,
And told his Courtiers what it meant;
I ſee, ſays he, *Gunpowder* in't,
By which a Blaſt is to be given
To blow the Parliament to Heaven.
To this Senſe of his Majeſty
The Council Table did agree,
Only to *Cecil* the whole Letter
Seem'd Nonſenſe, or but little better;
He ſtill pretending to admire
They could find Powder in't, or Fire;
Or any thing that in a Minute
Could up, or down, blow Houſe of *Senate*.

Thus he ſeem'd not to underſtand it,
Leſt ſome might think he had a Hand in't;
Or elſe perhaps might ſpoil his Plot
By the purſuing it too hot;
For he to light would have it brought
Juſt as 'twas fit for breaking out;
And therefore ten Days after ſtaid
Before that any Search was made.

'Till on the Eve, before the Sitting
Of Parl'ament, he thought it fitting
To ſearch the Cellars, where he found
The *Powder Barrels* under Ground.
For as in well contriv'd Romances,
And Stories made to pleaſe Folks Fancies,
Each grand Adventure muſt break out
In nick of Time, elſe't ſerves for nought.
So *Cecil*, timing things aright,
Did in fit Moment bring to light

The

The Powder in Infernal Grot,
And then cry'd out, *A Popiſh Plot.*

He ſends Poſt-haſte the Tidings down,
And Bells rung out in ev'ry Town;
Great Joy was thro' the Nation made,
And *Violins* and *Bag-pipes* plaid,
Wine into Streets they bring, and Ale,
Some in Black-Jacks, ſome in a Pail,
Which ſet before the Swiniſh Rabble,
They ſwill their Guts whilſt they are able,
And with loud Curſes rend their Throats
Againſt the Pope and Popiſh Plots.
Guns from the Tower and the Forts,
Eccho the *Baccanalian* Sports.
And Squibs and Crackers fly about
With Huzza's, and confuſed Shout.

Thankſgivings, mix'd with backward Prayers,
Flew from all Churches to the Stars.
In their Enthuſiaſtick Raptures
The Parſons open'd hidden Scriptures,
In which they found this Plot foretold
By ancient *Seers* in Days of Old;
As they pretended to make good
From Scriptures writ before the *Flood*
By *Sep'tagints* in Rolls of Vellum,
And Folks believe what e'er they tell 'em,
The rankeſt Nonſenſe, and what not,
Is bleſſed Preaching up of Plot.

Thus the ſuppos'd Delivery
Of Nation in Epitome,
Was celebrated every where;
And hence it is that once a Year
The People *Powder-plots* remember.
And all run mad the fifth Day of November.

The King himſelf, if ſome gueſs right,
Knew all before it came to light;
And Why and how it was begun,
And wink'd at *Cecil*'s carrying't on:
Whence 'twas for him an eaſie Matter
T' unriddle that myſterious Letter.
But this I leave to ſuch as know
How far State-policy may go.
A certain (*c*) Writer I have ſeen,
If all be true that paſs'd his Pen.
The King wanted no Wit, nor Skill,
Nor Conſcience in Plotting ill.

However this is plainly known,
That at his coming to the Crown
He promis'd Foreign Princes, that
The *Penal-Laws* he'd abrogate;
And that this (*d*) Plot prov'd the Pretence
To keep them up for his Defence.
If to this End it was invented;
Or if, or no, the King conſented,
Or knew on't, I determin not;
It was, 'tis certain, *Cecil*'s Plot;
As will appear to him that liſt
To read the Learn'd Apologiſt.

No more of *Cecil* and his Plot:
Here's now another Trick of Note,

That

(*c*) The Book is entituled, *The Court and Character of King* James. By Sir *A. W.* Printed in 1650.

(*d*) The Reader is referr'd to what the Earl of *Caſtlemain* hath judiciouſly writ of this Plot, in his *Catholick Apology*.

That Biſhop *Abbot* and *Frank Maſon*
Reſolve to put upon the Nation,
Here's a young *Regiſter* on foot,
An aukward Thing comes ſtalking out,
And cries (*e*) *Parker* was Biſhop made
At *Lambeth*; not at the *Nagg's-Head.*

Their Dialogue concerning this,
He that's no Conjurer may gueſs
To be at leaſt to this effect,
If not the ſame in each reſpect:

Come, Maſter *Maſon*, you whoſe Cares
Diſturb your Sleep 'bout Church Affairs.
'To you, who Secrets can conceal,
I have deep Matters to reveal,
Quoth *Abbot*, and I do declare
'Tis what deſerves our greateſt Care.

Papiſts, you know, in Diſputation
Do urge our Want of Conſecration;
And tell us, *we* are only *ſent*,
And *Biſhops made* by Parli'ment:
And that we neither have *Vocation*
Epiſcopal, nor *Conſecration*;
Nor *Miſſion Apoſtolical*,
In ſhort, nor any Power at all;
If we affirm we have. You ha't,
Say they, from the Lay-Magiſtrate:
But Laity, tho' King or Queen,
Had never Power to *Ordain.*
And 'tis a Maxim, that *no Man* can
Give what he has not to another Man.
Briſtow, and *Harding*, *Stapleton*,
Allen, and Doctor *Kelliſon*,

Have

(*e*) The pretended Records and Regiſter of *Matthew Parker*'s Conſecration at *Lambeth.*

Have often urged us to ſhew
When, *Where*, by *Whom*, the manner *How*
We were made Biſhops? But ſuch Queries
Want Anſwer yet, tho' many a Year is
Paſt over ſince they firſt in Print,
Were to old *Horn* and *Jewell* ſent.
For my part, as I am a Man, Sir,
To theſe Demands I cannot anſwer.
Tho' I, my ſelf paſs for a Prieſt,
And of the Biſhops the Archeſt;
Yet how this Power Spiritual
Comes down to me, I cannot tell;
Nor can I prove our Orders from
The Prelates of the Church of *Rome*.
And if from thence they do not ſpring,
Quoth *Frank*, they are not worth a Pin.
For true Succeſſion there is none
But what by *Rome* is handed down.
Why took not *Parker* better Care
At firſt of all in this Affair?

Parker did what he could, poor Man,
To compaſs Conſecration,
And all the Popiſh Biſhops try'd;
But was by ev'ry one deny'd,
Quoth *Abbot*; Therefore to a Prieſt
Hight *Scory* he himſelf addreſt:
Who at the *Nagg's-Head-Tavern* laid
His *Tyndal* Bible on his Head.
Which (I may ſay to you) at beſt
Was but an idle drunken Jeſt,
And wiſer Men are ſince aſham'd
To hear the Character ſo ſtain'd.

But had not *Parker*, quoth *Frank Maſon*,
Some better ſort of Conſecration?
No, No, ſays *Abbot*, there is none
By any Record can be ſhewn.

For

For my Part I have ſought the Breves,
And every Scroll in the *Archives*:
At *Lambeth*: but *the De'il-a-Letter*
Find I relating to the Matter.
Whereas had he been Conſecrated,
The thing had ſurely been related,
And Regiſter'd as others are,
That were before made Biſhops there.
It is a great Miſhap my Lord,
Quoth *Maſon*, that there's no Record;
But how to help't we do not know.
Yes, *Frank*, I'll tell thee what we'll do,
Says *Abbot*, we'll ſuch Records frame,
In honeſt *Matthew Parker's* Name,
As ſhall declare him Conſecrated,
And fifty Years ago be dated.
Then will we ſlur them on the Nation,
To authorize his Conſecration.
This may do well for Evidence,
But what avails a vain Pretence?
Says *Frank*, it gives no Character.
Quoth *Abbot*, if Folk think we are
True Biſhops, and eſteem us ſuch,
For Character I care not much.
Tho' we are not by *Right Divine*
Made Prieſts and Biſhops; I deſign
To make the World believe we are
Stamp'd with that Sacred Character.
And who will doubt our being ſo
When we our *Lambeth* Records ſhow?
'Tis true, quoth *Frank*, find they us thus
In Curia de Arcubus,
It will in Ages yet to come
Make Folk believe we ſprang from *Rome*,
And have our Prieſthood from the Chair
Of *Peter's* great Succeſſor there.
Nay, in Proceſs of Time, ev'n *We*,
Our ſelves, ſhall of this Judgment be,
Forgetting quite our *Nagg's-head* Pedigree.

This

This is the furtheſt we can wiſh;
A bleſs'd Concluſion! quoth Archbiſh.
To work goes *Abbot*, and Man *Frank*,
Study, Contrive, and Write, and Drank,
Compare their Notes, conſult each other;
For both ſat at a Desk together,
Till in few Days, by careful heeding,
The Records paſs'd a *ſecond Reading*.
Some few Corrections were made after
Of Moment little, more of Laughter;
Such as the cautious noting down
Tap'ſtrey, Red-Cloth, and Woollen-Gown.
Then a third Time they were read o'er,
And both conclude they need no more:
But place them in the *Archives*, where
Records of ancient Biſhops are.
Then *Maſon* ſpeaks, with Prudence mighty,
We have contriv'd this Matter weighty,
And to as fair a Paſs have brought it
As *Parker* could, had he fore-thought it.
But what avails a Regiſter,
If no Man knows that it is here?
And therefore what muſt next be done,
Is to let People know there's one,
Without the leaſt Suſpicion that
It was contriv'd or *forg'd* of late.
Quoth *Abbot*, how muſt this be done,
My Lord, ſays *Frank*, let me alone,
An't pleaſe your Grace to give Conſent,
I will put out a Book in Print,

My

Entituled thus,

Of the Conſecration of Biſhops in the Church of England, *with their Succeſſion, Juriſdiction, and other things incident to their Calling*, &c. wherein I'll clear them *from the Slanders of* Bellarmin, Sanders, Briſtow, Harding, Allen, Stapleton, Parſons, Kelliſon, Eudemon, Becanus, *and other Romaniſts.*

My Book ſhall prove our Orders right
In all our Enemies Deſpite ;
For *Parker*'s Regiſter I'll cite ;
And tell 'em, if they pleaſe to mind it,
Go but to *Lambeth* and they'll find it.

In Troth the Project's excellent,
Quoth *Abbot*, but be ſecret in't,
And get it done as ſoon as may be.
My Lord, all other things I'll lay-by,
Says *Frank*, and to my ready Pen
Betake my ſelf and get it done.

Away goes *Frank*, and 'twas not long
'Ere out flies Book among the Throng,
Surprizing the amazed Nation
With an unheard of Conſecration.
Till ſixteen hundred and thirteen
This Regiſter was never ſeen ;
Nor was there made the leaſt Pretence
To any *Lambeth-Evidence*,
For more than one and fifty Year
That *Maſon*'s Writings did appear.

When this wiſe Man firſt ſet his Book out,
And *Lambeth* Records dar'd to look out,
The Learn'd (*f*) *Fitzherbert* ſaw the Cheat,
And found the Point they levell'd at:
Declar'd the Regiſter a new One,
Unknown before, ſo not a true One.
You'll ſee his Words put down below,
And thoſe of other Writers too.

Champney the *Sorboniſt* more fully,
To *Maſon*'s Grief and Melancholly,

An-

(*f*) This Father *Thomas Fitzherbert* wrote that excellent Book; Entituled, *Policy and Religion*. He was a Man of great Learning and Holy Life.

Anſwer'd his Book, expos'd the Cheat,
And prov'd his *Records* counterfeit.
Jewell and *Horn* were ſet upon
By *Harding*, and by *Stapleton*;
And urged mightily to ſhew
Letters of Orders, alſo *Who*
Had Conſecrated them? And *How*?
Yet in Reply we do not hear
That *Lambeth* Records mention'd were.
Yet certain 'tis, if ſuch had been,
They muſt have *needs* produc'd 'em then,
Becauſe they could for their Defence,
Have had no better Evidence.
For theſe had anſwer'd all thoſe Queries,
And ſilenced their Adverſaries.

The great Hiſtorians of our Nation
Name *Pool's* and *Tonſtal's* Conſecration;
And that of others, yet nought's ſaid
By either *Stow* or *Hollinſhead*,
Of *Parker's*, tho' they lived when
The Regiſter ſuppos'd it done.
But if by them it had been known,
Why alſo was not it put down
As other Conſecrations were,
That in their Chronicles appear?
Why did ſuch careful Men neglect
The *FIRST Archbiſhop of their Sect?*
They ſhould have honour'd him much more
Than all that ever went before:
Becauſe he was the only Man
That *Beſſy's* Prelacy began,
(g) *Maſon* from *Lambeth*-Records, ſays,
Parker Elected Biſhop was

About

(g) Mr. *Maſon*, from his *Lambeth Regiſter*, writes thus of *Parker's Election. Now the See of* Canterbury *continued void 'till* December *following, about which*

About beginning of December :
Yet on the Ninth Day of *September*
Biſhop Elect he's ſtil'd ye know
By *Raphael*, *Hollinſhed* and *Stow*.
And *Heylyn* on the Firſt of *Auguſt*
Speaks him *Elect* ; ſo that there's No-truſt
To *Maſon*'s Record can be had,
A four Months Error's very bad ;
And ſtabs to th' Heart the Story's Credit,
Murders the Cauſe of thoſe that need it,
Conge-de-lire was ſent down
To Dean and Chapter from the Crown ;
A Prelate muſt be *choſe* by that,
And the *Election* fell on *Mat*
According to the ancient Cuſtom,
Say Records : But you muſt not truſt 'em,
Becauſe that ſort of Writ we know
Was long before made void in Law
By *Statute-Parliamentary*,
Made in the Days of Old King *Harry* ;
And has ſince that revived been
In the firſt Year of *Beſs* the Queen.
So that to ſend *Conge-de-lires*
Had broke her *own* Laws and her Sire's ;

which Time the Dean and Chapter having received the Conge-de-lire, *Elected Maſter Doctor* Parker *for their Archbiſhop, proceeding in this Election according to the ancient Manner, and laudable Cuſtom of the aforeſaid Church, anciently uſed and inviolably obſerved.*

Here the Records have deceiv'd *Maſon* in two remarkable Paſſages : the one is the *Time of Election*, the other is his being Elected by *Conge-de-lire* ; both which are falſe. For, *Firſt*, If he was not Elected till *about December*, How came the Queen to ſend a *Commiſſion* for his Conſecration, dated on *September the Ninth* ? Certainly ſhe would not have him Conſecrated before his Election. Either therefore the

Re-

A *Letter-Miſſive* in it's ſtead
Was to be ſent by Church's Head.
A Letter-Miſſive is a Writ
That *Names* what Man the King thinks fit,
And *only* he is choſe by it.
Where to elect, there is but one,
'*Tis* Hobſon's *Choice*; *take that or none*;
Whereas *Conge-de-lire* gives 'em
More Choice; and to a *Free Election* leaves 'em.
This was the *ancient Cuſtom*, but
Mat could not then be choſe by that.
Hence 'tis our Learned Writers reckon
The *Lambeth* Regiſter miſtaken.
Since this is falſe, the reſt may be
Preſumed all groſs Forgery.

Mat now *Elected*, out there came
Commiſſion in her *Highneſs* Name,
Him Biſhop for to conſecrate;
September the Ninth was it's date,
To *Tonſtal*, *Bourn*, and *Pool* 'twas ſent,
And Old *Landaff* was named in't;
Scory and *Barlow* too were there,
A baſe *unconſecrated* Pair.

The

Records are falſe as to *this Commiſſion*, or as to the *Election* in *December*, doubtleſs in both.

Dr. *Heylyn* is ſo far from crediting *Maſon's December Election*, that he poſitively affirms, *that the moſt Reverend Doctor* Matthew Parker *was Elected to the See of* Canterbury *on the Firſt of* Auguſt. *The Conge-de-lire*, (as he, following *Maſon*, ignorantly calls the Letter-Miſſive) *which open'd him the Way to this Dignity, bears Date on the Eighteenth Day of* July, *within a few Days after the Deprivation of the former Biſhops* thus, *Heylyn*, p. 291.

Secondly, As to the pretended *Conge-de-lire*, *Maſon*, the Recorder, brings it out *about December*, but

Heylyn

The Three firſt named of the Six,
Were of *the ancient Catholicks*,
Deprived of their Biſhopricks
Two Months before; as you may read
In *Heylyn*, *Stow* and *Holinſhead*,
Becauſe they would not ſwear that *Beſs*
Was Church's *Head*, or *Governeſs*.

Beſides their Deprivation, they,
As Priſoners, confined lay
Some hundred Miles from one another,
Too far to come ſo ſoon together:
Bourn was to *Exeter* reſtrain'd;
At *Peterborough Pool* remain'd.
Tonſtal was *Parker*'s Priſoner
In *Lambeth* Houſe, and died there.

All which conſider'd, could the Queen
Preſume thoſe Biſhops, who had been
Thruſt out, and us'd at ſuch a rate,
Would her new Changlings Conſecrate,
Who were, they knew, ſworn *Schiſmaticks*,
And obſtinate proud *Hereticks*.

Heylyn dates it on the 18th Day of *July*; but in real Truth there was no ſuch *Writ*, as a *Conge-de-lire*, at that time, in being; King *Harry* 8. having aboliſhed it by an Act of Parliament, Stat. 25. *H.* 8. (revived in Stat. 1. *Eliz.* 1.) wherein it is Enacted, *That at every Vacancy of any Archbiſhoprick, or Biſhopvick, the King ſends a* Letter Miſſive, *containing the Name of the Perſon which they* (the *Dean and Chapter*) *ſhall, with all Speed, in due Form, Elect and Chuſe the ſaid Perſon named in the ſaid* Letters-Miſſive, *to the Dignity and Office of Archbiſhop*, &c. and *none other.*

Or could ſhe ever once imagine
Thoſe *Prelates* of *the Old Religion*
Wou'd make a *Primate* of the Nation
Without the *Pontiff's* Approbation?
Or ever ſeat ſuch impious *Elves*
In *Chairs* belonging to themſelves?
Beſs. and her Council, ſure were wiſer
Than overſee ſuch Slips as theſe are.
In fine, it runs beyond Suſpicion
That this is but a *forg'd* Commiſſion;
And if one Part be forg'd, then all
Will under the ſame Cenſure fall.

Out comes, ſome three Months after this,
A new Commiſſion from *Dame Beſs*;
December the ſixth Day 'tis dated,
Mat. muſt by this be Conſecrated:
And now the time draws on apace
To acquire what yet he wanted, *Grace.*
For in *December*, Records ſay,
From *Bath and Wells* the Sev'nteenth Day,
Mat. drank his overflowing Cup
Of *Grace* and *Conſecration* up.

By

King *Edward* 6 Enacted Stat. 1. *Edw.* 6. That no *Conge-de-lire*, ſhould be granted, &c. and in the ſaid Act declares, that a Writ of *Conge-de-lire* ſerves to no purpoſe, but is derogatory and prejudicial to the King's Prerogative Royal.

Now, Candid Reader, I leave you to judge, whether *Parker* could be Elected by the Old Catholick Writ of *Conge-de-lire, according to the ancient Manner and laudable Cuſtom of the Church of* Canterbury, *anciently uſed, and inviolably obſerved.* Election *by* Conge-de-lire, *according to the ancient Cuſtom,* cannot poſſibly be meant of any Proteſtant Cuſtom;

By *Bath and Wells* you muſt conceive
An old unconſecrated Knave,
Call'd *Barlow*, who a while before,
To theſe, as Biſhop, Title bore.
A lewd fall'n Prieſt that had a Wife,
But ne'er was Biſhop in his Life:
Nor is there found in any Nation,
The leaſt Scrowl of his Conſecration.
And this was *Parker*'s Conſecrator,
Scory was next, and hang the better.
The Third was whining *Coverdale*,
Two fall'n Prieſts that lov'd Women well,
But never roſe to the Degree
Of Conſecrated Prelacy;
Yet ſtole the Name of Biſhops, when
There was no *Form* left to *Ordain*.
Hodgskins the laſt, yet Writers can
Hardly agree about the Man:
Some ſay two Suffragans were there,
But tell you not, who made the Pair;
Or whether *Dover* was, or *Thetford*,
The Place of Reſidence, or *Bedford*.
Wiſe Men, who things with Care diſcuſs,
Conclude he liv'd in *Nubibus*.

ſtom; becauſe no Proteſtant was ever Elected to the Church of *Canterbury* before *Mat Parker*. Even *Cranmer* himſelf, tho' thruſt in by the King, yet was Elected by *Conge de-lire* after the Catholick Manner: For the *Conge-de lire* was not aboliſhed till a Year after *Cranmer*'s Election, nor the Letters-Miſſive Enacted; he being Elected 24. of *H.* 8. and the Letter-Miſſive Enacted in the 25. of his Reign.

Maſon himſelf, where he ſpeaks without regard to his Records, owns freely, *That the King grants a Li-*

The Regiſter is trimly pen'd,
I mean to Character and Hand,
And put in decent Form, till't looks
Like what Boys draw in Copy-Books,
When they are minded to appear
More skilful than their Maſters are.

Anno 1559. *Mat. Park. Cant. Conſ.* 17. *Decem. ex Regiſt. Mat. Park. To.* 1. *f.* 2. & 10. by { William Barlow. John Scory. Miles Coverdale. John Hodgskins.

Tell me, old Biſhop, prithee tell,
If in theſe Matters thou haſt Skill,
Could *Parker Lambeth-Houſe* poſſeſs,
And ſit Lord of the Dioceſs,
Be ſtiled Biſhop, have Reſpect,
Without Reſtriction of Elect?
Could he before his Conſecration
Paſs for Lord Primate of the Nation;
And Biſhop act in each Reſpect,
While yet no more but bare Elect?
If ſo, *Election* was enough,
And *Conſecration* needleſs Stuff
If not, he muſt be conſecrated
Before the Regiſter is dated.

Now

a Licenſe to the Dean and Chapter, with a Letter-Miſſive, *containing the Name of the Perſon which they ſhall Elect and Chuſe.* He cites *Anno* 25. *H.* 8. c. 20, Which Statute (as is ſaid above) was repeal'd by Queen *Mary*, but revived by Queen *Elizabeth* in the Firſt Year of her Reign, before *Parker's* Election. So that he could not otherwiſe poſſibly be elected than by the *Letter-Miſſive*, and not by *Conge-de-lire, according to the ancient Cuſtom of that Church*, as the Regiſter falſly and ignorantly ſays.

Now, as this Regiſter is dated,
Parker (you ſee) was conſecrated
The Seventeenth Day of *December*;
But on the Eighteenth of *November*,
By *Heylyn*, and by *Holinſhead*,
He is ſtil'd *Biſhop*. And we read
That *Lambeth-Houſe* was then his Place,
By Conſequence the *Dioceſs*.
And being thus inſtalled there,
Tonſtal was made his Priſoner.
But *Tonſtal* dy'd, thoſe Authors ſay,
November on the Eighteenth Day.
So that he's Biſhop here before
The Regiſter a Month or more.
And where could he be Biſhop made,
Unleſs before at the *Nagg's-Head*?
In fine, behold what bonny Gear
Sets off our *Lambeth* Regiſter:
The Chappel's Eaſtern End, we find,
With *Turkiſh* Tapeſtry was lin'd,
And on the Chappel Floor was ſpread
A Webb of *Kerſey* dyed red;
(A Colour never ſeen before,
In *Advent* on a Chappel Floor.)
There was a *Sermon* (as was meet)
Great Flocks of Folk fill'd ev'ry Street,
From Shop and Garret out they run
To ſee the Conſecration;
And the moſt Godly of the Herd
Brake Bread together at God's Board.
In woollen Gown, that reach'd his Heel,
Comes out the Fool *Miles Coverdale*,
Girt round his Loins with woollen Liſt,
And lays on *Parker*'s Head his Fiſt.
For *Mat.* could get from him no *Maſſion*
In Robes that ſmell'd of *Superſtition*.

The (*a*) Queen her *Spies* ſends cloſely out.
Here one, and there another *Scout*,
I think in all ſome five or ſix
Arch quirking *Lawyers*, skill'd in Tricks,
Who were to mind if Things were done
To Rights in Conſecration.
As if the *Conſecrator Barlow*,
And three Aſſociates, that there lay
Their Hands on *Parker's* Head, were Fools,
And the Elected duller Souls.
In ſhort, it ſhews ſhe thought their Worſhips
Had little Skill in making Biſhops.
These Lawyers watch all Motions made,
Who Hands impoſed, and who pray'd,
What Garbs Canonick they had on,
And who it was that wanted one.
All finiſh'd, they return to Queen,
Relating what they'd heard and ſeen;
Concluding, that all Things went well,
Save only that *Miles Coverdale*
Wou'd not be counſell'd to leave off
His old Grey Gown, for Sacred Stuff;
But this they very wiſely thought
Of Moment ſmall, or next to nought.

Yet

(*a*) How circumſpectly the Queen proceeded (ſays *Maſon*) may appear by this, that her Letters Patent were ſent to divers Learned Profeſſors of the Law, that they might freely give their Judgment: And all of them jointly confeſſed, that both the Queen might lawfully authorize the Perſons to the Effect ſpecify'd; and the ſaid Perſons alſo might lawfully exerciſe the Act of Confirming and Conſecrating in the ſame to them committed, whoſe Names, ſubſcribed with their own Hands, remain in Record as followeth; *William May*, *Robert Weſton*, *Edward Leeds*, *Henry Harvey*, *Thomas Yale*, *Nicolas Bullingham*. He cites in his Marg. *Ex Regiſt.* Mat. Park. *fol.* 3.

Yet counſell'd *Beſs*, to ſhun Offence,
With his *Sheeps-Cloathing* to (*b*) diſpence.

(*b*) *Brambal* ſays, *Coverdale's* ſide woollen Gown was Uncanonical, and needed a Diſpenſation.

Some remarkable Notes collected out of the Writings of the moſt Learned and Intelligible Authors of thoſe Times, concerning this Affair.

To begin then in Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, five or ſix Years after *Parker* had got thruſt into the See of *Canterbury*, *Jewel* into *Salisbury*, and *Horn* into *Wincheſter*, &c.

The Learned Dr. *Harding*, in his *Confutation of* Jewel's *Apology*, fol. 57, 58. after having diſprov'd *Jewel's Succeſſion* demands how he came to be Biſhop, thus. 'Therefore to go from your *Succeſſion*, 'which you cannot prove, and to come to your '*Vocation*, how ſay you, Sir? You bear your ſelf 'as tho' you were Biſhop of *Salisbury*. But how 'can you prove your *Vocation*? By what Authority 'uſurp you the Adminiſtration of Doctrine and Sa-'craments? What can you alledge for the Right 'and Proof of your Miniſtry? Who hath laid Hands 'on you? By what Example hath he done it? How, 'and by whom, are you conſecrated? Who 'hath ſent you? *After Abundance of* Jewel's *Eva-'ſions, wide from the Purpoſe, Dr.* Harding *replies 'thus.* 'But you were made, you ſay, by the Con-'ſecration of the Archbiſhop [*Parker* he means] and 'other three Biſhops. And how, I pray you, was 'your Archbiſhop himſelf conſecrated? What three 'Biſhops in the Realm were to lay Hands upon 'him? Your *Metropolitan* who ſhould give Authori-'ty to all your Conſecrations, had himſelf no law-'ful Conſecration.' To this Mr. *Jewel* anſwer'd not one Word, but paſs'd all over in Silence.

Dr *Sta-*

Dr. *Stapleton*, in like manner, urges *Horn* to this Purpoſe. 'To ſay Truth, you are no Lord of *Winchester*, nor elſewhere, but only Mr. *Robert Horn*. 'Is it not notorious, that you and your Collegues 'were not Ordain'd according to the Preſcript, I 'will not ſay of the Church, but even of the very 'Statutes? How then can you challenge to your 'ſelf the Name of the Lord Biſhop of *Winchester*? '*Counter. Blaſt.*

And again, in the ſame *Counter. Blaſt*, fol. 301. 'You are (ſays he to *Horn*) without any Conſecra- 'tion at all of your Metropolitan [*Parker*,] himſelf, 'poor Man, being no Biſhop neither.

Again, Dr. *Stapleton*, in another Place tells them. 'You have taken upon you the Office of Biſhops 'without any Impoſition of Hands, without all Ec- 'cleſiaſtical Authority, without all Order of Canons 'and Right. I ask not who gave you Biſhopricks, 'but who made you Biſhops? See *Stapleton's Return of Untruths*, fol. 130. and his *Challenge to Mr.* Jewel *and Mr.* Horn, touching their Conſecration.

Note, That Dr. *Harding's Confutation of* Jewel's *Apology* was printed in the Year 1565, and Dr. *Stapleton's Return of Untruths* in the Year following.

Dr. *Briſtow*, *Motive* 31. 'Conſider (ſays he) what 'Church that is, whoſe Miniſters are but very Lay- 'men; unſent, uncalled, unconſecrated, holding 'therefore amongſt us, when they repent and re- 'turn, no other Place but of Lay-men; in no Caſe 'admitted, nor looking to miniſter in any Office, un- 'leſs they take Orders, which before they had not.

Mr. *Reynolds*. 'There is no Herdſman in all 'Turkey, who hath not undertaken the Government 'of his Herd upon better Reaſon, and greater 'Right, Order, and Authority, than theſe your 'magnificent Apoſtles and Evangeliſts can ſhew for 'this Divine and high Office of governing Souls, 'reforming Churches, &c. *Vid. Calvino Turcis*, *lib. 4. cap.* 15.

Theſe

Theſe and ſeveral others, as *Saunders*, *Howlet*, the Tranſlators of the *Rhemiſh Teſt*, &c. that wrote againſt them, lived in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, when the *Lambeth* Records of *Parker*'s Conſecration muſt needs have been freſh in the Memories of both Parties, if any ſuch Regiſter or Records had been in being, and muſt have as certainly been produced by *Jewel* and *Horn* in their own and *Parker*'s Defence.

Indeed *Whitaker* and *Fulk*, who alſo wrote in that Queen's Time, were a great deal more ingenuous, than to pretend to any Conſecration or Orders at all from *Rome*. The quite contrary.

'I would not have you think (ſays *Whitaker*) 'that we make ſuch Reckoning of your Orders, as 'to hold our own Vocation unlawful without them. 'You are highly deceived (ſays *Fulk*) if you think 'we eſteem your Offices of Biſhops, Prieſts, and 'Deacons, better than Lay-men.' (And in his *Retentive*;) 'With all our Hearts, we defy, abhor, 'deteſt, and ſpit at your ſtinking, greaſy and Anti-'chriſtian Orders. *Vid. Contr. Dureum*, p. 521. and *Anſwer to a Counterfeit Catholick*; and Dr. *Champney*, p. 121. If theſe two, the moſt Learned Proteſtants in *England* at that Time, could have derived their Orders ſucceſſively from Catholick Biſhops and produc'd Records at *Lambeth* for it, would they, to the Diſgrace of the whole pretended Church of *England* and it's Biſhops, ſo contemptuouſly have deny'd all Ordination, and ſo ſpitefully treated the Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, in the Church of *Rome*, as to reckon them no more than Lay-men?

Thus much, before the World ever heard of *Parker*'s Regiſter at *Lambeth*; but in King *James*'s Time. 1613, out it comes, in a Book of Mr. *Maſon*'s: It ſo ſurpriz'd the amaz'd World, that the Noiſe of it quickly flew as far as *Rome* it ſelf, where the excellent F. *Thomas Fitzherbert* ſaw the Forgery, and immediately detected it in publick Print. His Words are as follow, taken out of the *Appendix* to his

his Book entitled, *An Adjoinder to the Supplement of Father* Robert Parſon's printed 1613.

'This *Adjoinder* being printed, it was my Chance 'to underſtand that one Mr. *Maſon* hath lately 'publiſhed a Book, wherein he pretends to an- 'ſwer the Preface to F. *Parſons* his *Diſcuſſion*, eſpe- 'cially concerning one Point treated therein, *to* 'wit, The Conſecration of the firſt Proteſtant Bi- 'ſhops in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; and fur- 'ther, that he endeavours to prove their Conſecra- 'tion by a Regiſter teſtifying that Four Biſhops 'Conſecrated Mr. *Parker*.

'Underſtand, good Reader, that this our Except- 'tion touching the lawful Vocation and Conſecra- 'tion of the firſt Proteſtant Biſhops in the late 'Queen's Days, is not a new Quarrel lately raiſed, 'but vehemently urged divers Times heretofore 'by Catholicks many Years ago, yea, in the very 'beginning of the late Queen's Reign; as, name- 'ly, by the Learned Doctors, *Harding* and *Stapleton*, 'againſt Mr. *Jewel* and Mr. *Horn*, whom they preſ- 'ſed mightily with the Defect of due Vocation and 'Conſecration, urging them to prove the ſame, and 'to ſhew *how*, and by *whom*, they were made Bi- 'ſhops.' Here he quotes the Words of *Harding* and '*Stapleton* at large, as I have ſet them down, 'Then proceeds thus.

'And what, trow ye, was anſwer'd thereto? Was 'there any Biſhops named who had Conſecrated 'them? Were there any Witneſſes alledged of their 'Conſecration? Was Mr. *Maſon*'s Regiſter, or any 'other authentick Proof thereof, produced, either 'by *Jewel* or *Horn*? No truly: For, as for Mr. *Horn* 'he never reply'd; and Mr. *Jewel*, tho' he took 'upon him to anſwer it, yet did it ſo weakly, 'coldly, and ambiguouſly, that he ſufficiently for- 'tify'd and juſtify'd his Adverſary's Objection.

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In the Year 1617, the Learned Sorboniſt, Dr. *Champney*, publiſh'd his Treatiſe of the Vocation of Biſhops and other Eccleſiaſtical Miniſters, proving the Miniſters of the pretended Reform'd Churches in general to have no Calling, againſt Mr. *Du Pleſſis*, and Dr. *Field*. And in particular, the pretended Biſhops in *England* to be no true Biſhops, againſt Mr. *Maſon*.

Tho' *Cranmer* was rightly and lawfully Conſecrated, (*which yet is not granted, conſidering his impious Oath and villainous Perjury committed by him at his Conſecration, which may be ſeen in* Maſon, Heylyn, *and* Burnet,) yet by his Schiſm and Hereſy *he loſt the lawful Uſe of his Orders before his Death*. And that he was an impious *Heretick* and wicked *Schiſmatick*, is publickly declar'd under his own Hand, in his Recantation.

Secondly, He proves thoſe pretended Biſhops, made in King *Edward* the Sixth's Time, to be no true Biſhops at all; not only as being Hereticks, but the Manner alſo of their Calling, and pretended Conſecration, being in it ſelf invalid, and null, for want of a valid Form of Ordination to Conſecrate them by: Two of them being never Conſecrated by even this new Form.

Another convincing Argument againſt them (noted alſo by *Champ.*) is, That whoever have at any time taken Orders according to that new deviſed Form, have never been owned for Biſhops by the Catholick Church. But when any of them happen to be converted, they eſteem themſelves no more

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than meer Lay-men; and if they will become Prieſts or Biſhops in God's Church, it muſt be by Catholick Ordination: Which were damnable Sacriledge to do, if the Church were not certain that their Proteſtant Orders are null and inſignificant in all Reſpects whatſoever; it being as much Sacriledge to Re-ordain, as to Re-baptize.

When Dr. *Brooks*, Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, was to degrade *Ridley*, *Hooper*, and *Farrer*, who were of King *Edward*'s making; he told *Ridley*, *That they were to degrade him only of the Prieſthood, for they did not take him for a Biſhop.* But when *Cranmer* came, they degraded him as a Biſhop, becauſe they knew him to be Conſecrated. Dr. *Champ.* p. 166. He cites *Fox*'s Acts.

It is alſo recorded in the Books of Law-Caſes that the Leaſes made by Biſhops Conſecrated in King *Edward*'s Time, tho' confirm'd by the Dean and Chapter, were not eſteem'd available: And the Reaſon, given, *Becauſe they were never truly Conſecrated, and therefore were not Biſhops.* The Judge's Words are theſe. *It is ſaid, That Biſhops in King* Edward *the Sixth's Days were not Conſecrated, and therefore were not Biſhops: And therefore a Leaſe for Years made by them, and confirmed by the Dean and Chapter, ſhall not bind the Succeſſor; for ſuch were never Biſhops. Contrariwiſe, a Biſhop deprived, which was Biſhop in Fact at the Time of the Letting (the Leaſes) and Confirmation made by the Dean and Chapter.* And in the Margent *Diverſity of Leaſes made by Biſhops not Conſecrated, and Biſhops Depriv'd.* So that it appears by the Judgment, as well of the Civil as Eccleſiaſtical Magiſtrates, that they were no true Biſhops, for want of Conſecration. Thus Dr. *Champ.* He quotes *Brooke's Novel Caſes, Placito* 463, *fol.* 101. Printed 1604, by *Thomas Wight*, with Priviledge.

More remarkable than this, is the Caſe of Biſhop *Bonner* againſt *Horn* of *Wincheſter*, in which the Proteſtant Judges themſelves were forc'd to grant, that they

they were not Biſhops; therefore by an Act of Parliament in the Eighth Year of the Queen's Reign, they were declar'd and enacted Biſhops; which the Judges and Laws of *England* could not ſay they were before. Of this ſee more in *Canto* 2.

Coming now to the Conſecration of *Parker* himſelf; he firſt proves *Barlow*, his chief Conſecrator, never to have been Biſhop at all; and ſo of the two next, *Scory* and *Coverdale*: Of which he writes thus. 'They were found, even by the Judges of 'the Realm, to be no true Biſhops (*as is ſaid.*) And 'this is further evidently prov'd out of Mr. *Maſon*'s 'own Records and Teſtimonies; for *Maſon* ſaith, 'they were Conſecrated on the Thirtieth of *Auguſt* 1551, to wit, Five Months before the new 'Form of Conſecration was ſet forth or allow'd. 'For the Parliament of the 5th and 6th of *Edward* the Sxth, which authoriz'd and ſet forth this new 'Form, did not begin till the 13th of *January* 1551, 'that is Five Months after the pretended Conſecra-'tion of *Coverdale* and *Scory*. It is evident there-'fore, that they could not be Conſecrated by the 'new Form, which was not then in being. Nor 'could they be Conſecrated by the Ancient, Ca-'tholick, Ordinal or Form; for that, as *Maſon* con-'feſſes, was abrogated in the Parliament of the 3d 'and 4th of *Edw.* 6, as appears by the 12th Sta-'tute of that Parliament. So that it is clear that 'theſe two Conſecrators themſelves were never 'Conſecrated at all, neither by one Form nor other. '*Champ.* p. 199.

As to *Hodgkins* the Suffragan, he brings great Grounds of Doubt whether ever there was any ſuch Man there. 'It is to be obſerv'd (ſays he) 'that *Maſon*'s Regiſters diſagree with thoſe that 'Mr. *Goodwin* uſed in his Catalogue of Biſhops, 'ſometimes in the Day, ſometimes in the Month, 'and ſometimes in the Year; as is manifeſt in the

'Conſecrations of *Poynet*, *Ridley*, *Coverdale*, *Grindal*, *Horn*, *Gueſt*, *Piers*. Which neceſſarily proveth Falſity in the one, with Suſpicion of Forgery in both. Again, *Maſon*, *Sutcliffe*, and *Butler*, do all differ one from another in naming *Parker*'s Conſecrators: For *Maſon* ſays it was done by *Barlow*, *Scory*, *Coverdale*, and *Hodgkins*. *Sutcliffe* ſays, beſides the three firſt, there were two Suffragans. *Butler* ſays, the Suffragan of *Dover* was one of the Conſecrators; who notwithſtanding is not ſo much as nam'd in the Queen's Letters Patent for commiſſionating them to conſecrate *Parker*, p. 187, 188.

After all this he goes on and ſtill proves, by undeniable Arguments, that *Parker* and his Followers were never Biſhops: And, in fine, utterly confutes *Maſon*, and proves his pretended *Lambeth* Regiſter a meer vain and impudent Forgery.

Maſon has the Confidence to tell us that *Parker*'s Regiſter was publiſhed in Print even in his own Time. But this Dr. *Champney* detects for a groſs Untruth.

Bramhal ſays, that *ſome Prieſts and Jeſuits, then Priſoners, were call'd to ſee the Records, and give their Opinion of them, who, upon diligent Inſpection, declar'd they believ'd them Authentick.* This is ſo far from Truth, that, on the Contrary, thoſe Fathers went away diſſatisfy'd, without making any Anſwer to the Point, till they had yet a ſecond Review of them, which could never after be granted. The Author of the *Nullity of the Prelatick Clergy* detects this for a villainous Lye, has expos'd abundance more of *Bramhal*'s Fictions and Forgeries, and in ſhort, clearly diſproved and confuted whatſoever *Bramhal* wrote on this or the *Nagg's-head* Affair. I refer the Reader to the Book it ſelf.

If

If *Parker*'s Conſecrators be
No Biſhops, then no Biſhop he;
He none, then you may truly ſay,
Not one in all the World have they.
Now that the *Lambeth*-Story's done,
Judge what you pleaſe, and let's go on
To *Charles* the Firſt's unhappy Reign,
Where *Prayer* and *War* compoſe the Scene.
Death, who devours every Thing,
Makes but a Morſel of a (*a*) King,
And has as many Ways to ſwallow
As there are Accidents that follow.
By Sickneſs, Wounds, and other Harms,
By War, Plague, Famine, Fire, and Storms,
Sometimes he takes away Man's Life.
So a *chaſte Biſhop* and his *Wife*
Were both in Bed together ſlain,
In the late dreadful (*b*) Hurricane.
Thus rudely ſometimes he falls on us,
And ſometimes ſlily ſteals upon us,
In ſubtile manner creeping in
Under the Cloak of Medicine,
None can forſee by what Diſaſter
He'll die, or when: Death by a (*c*) Plaiſter
Seiz'd *James* the Firſt, as Authors think.
(Poiſon's not always given in Drink.)
But whether by that Means or no,
In ſhort, he died: And let him go.
He left his *Omnia* to his *Heir*,
Amongſt the reſt a fatal Prayer,
In Sheets of which was for his Son
A Death bound up, he dream'd not on.

(*a*) Of King *James* the Firſt.

(*b*) This happen'd to Dr. *Kidder* (Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells* (and his Lady, in the Year 1703.

(*c*) A black Plaiſter was laid on his Breaſt, which is reported to have poiſon'd him. See *Myſtery of Iniquity yet working*, p. 7.

This (*d*) *James* the Firſt, Sirs, you muſt know,
When he had little elſe to do
Bethought him ſometimes of his Pray'rs,
As Pious People do of theirs.
Conns Common-Pray'r-Book o'er, till he
Takes Keck at *England's* Liturgy,
(Tho' in his *Canons* he before
Had Authoriz'd it o'er and o'er,)
He muſters all his Wits about him,
Conſults 'em, and at laſt bethought him
Of making up another Tract
Of Pray'r, more Godly, more Exact,
Which he deſign'd to introduce
Amongſt the *Scots*, for Pious Uſe.
Soon as reſolv'd, he to it fell
With Pen and Ink, and little Zeal
It ſeems, for 'ere he got it fit,
By putting in and out of it,
Devotion tepid grew and dry;
Till tir'd at laſt, he flung it by
Into a Corner, where it lay
Mouldy, till that unhappy Day,

That

(*d*) *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*, printed at *Oxford* 1702, tells us, that 'The whole Nation of 'Scotland ſeem'd, in the Time of King *James*, well 'inclined to receive the Liturgy of the Church of 'England, which the King exceedingly deſired.

That the King deſired they ſhould have a Liturgy, of ſome ſort, no Body doubts: But that the *Scots*, (who he owns a few Lines before were all Presbyterians) ſhould be ſo *well inclin'd*, and ſo fond of an *Engliſh* Liturgy, is a meer Fiction: For if this had been true, what could have hinder'd their receiving it, when (as this Author tells us in the ſame Place) 'the King's 'principal End of going his Progreſs into *Scotland*, 'was the bringing it to paſs, tho' he return'd without making any viſible Attempt in that Affair.

That *Charles*, in rummaging old Lumber,
Awak'd it from Worm-eaten Slumber,
And with the ready Lap of Coat
Bruſh'd it from Duſt, till one might know't
To be a Book, that very Prayer,
Which *James* his Father had flung there.
Unclaſping it, he reads and prays,
And pores upon't for divers Days,
Not in the leaſt ſuſpecting Harm,
(Poor Innocent) when lo a Swarm
Of Miſchiefs flew out of it's Belly,
As by and by I mean to tell ye.
So once a curious King of *Spain*,
Imagining there might be lain
Vaſt Treaſure in the fatal Grott,
Forc'd Iron Gates, Found nothing, but
Prophetick Images of Moors,
That quickly turn'd him out of Doors;
Poſſeſs'd his Land, and what was good,
And ſtain'd the Brood with *Mooriſh* Blood.
The King took ſo much liking to it
He ſends for Biſhop *Laud* to view it,
Who, having well perus'd the Book,
Thus to his Majeſty he ſpoke.

My

But he needed not have return'd without ſo much as attempting what he went for if the *Scots* had been *ſo well inclined*. Beſides, the *Scots* objected to King *Charles*, the corrupt and falſe Tranſlations of the Pſalms, Epiſtles, and Goſpels in the Common-Prayer-Book, which they deſired might be corrected; but *Laud* would not conſent to it: 'For he 'knew (ſays *Clarendon*) how far any Enemies to 'Conformity would be from being ſatisfy'd with 'theſe *ſmall* Alterations, *&c.*' You ſee, in the Proteſtant Worſhip of God, corrupt and falſly tranſlated Scripture is counted but a *ſmall* Matter, and the *Alteration* of it ſo *ſmall* that they never deſign

to

My Leige, from this I eas'ly gather,
That the Intention of your Father,
Was to eſtabliſh ev'ry where,
Thro' *Scottiſh* Kirk, this Common-Pray'r.
It differs, in ſome Things, I ſee,
From this our preſent Liturgy.
And muſt be further yet amended,
Before your Majeſty can ſend it.
Well, ſays the King, do you inſpect it,
And when 'tis thorowly corrected,
Then ſhall it be to *Scotland* ſent:
Laud took it, and away he went,
And in a Year or two, or ſo,
He got it fitly trimm'd to go.
How far from *England's* Common-Pray'r
'Twas changed, it plainly does appear
From what the *Scot* was pleas'd to write
Againſt it when it came to light.
What he imagin'd was amiſs,
He bitterly expos'd in his
Laudenſium Autocatacriſis,
A Book, that takes it all to Pieces.'

In

to correct it. *Clarendon* ſays, 'There had never 'been any Thoughts, in the Time of King *James* 'and King *Charles*, but of the *Engliſh* Liturgy. But this is a Miſtake, as appears from his own Words in another Place, which are as follow. 'It was towards the Year 1633, when King *Charles* 'return'd from *Scotland*, having left it to the Care 'of ſome of the Biſhops there, to provide ſuch a 'Liturgy, and ſuch a Book of Canons, as might 'beſt ſuit the Nature and Humour of the better 'ſort of that People.' (*Note here, That the Proteſtant Way confeſſedly is to fit and frame their Religious Worſhip of God to the People's Fancies, right or wrong. And this only to humour the Great ones; Let the Little ones go to the Devil.*) He goes on. 'As faſt as they 'made

In ſhort, his final Cenſure was,
This is almoſt an Engliſh *Maſs*;
And not that *Engliſh* Common-Prayer
Your ſelves have us'd ſo many a Year.
From this *Scotch* Writer you may reckon
That *Clarendon* is much miſtaken,
When he affirms, 'twas never meant
That any other ſhould be ſent,
But only that ſame Common-Pray'r
Practis'd in *England Fourſcore Year.*
If this were true, they needed not
Have been two Years in moulding it:
Nor had their Canons authoriz'd it,
Before their Block-heads had deviſ'd it,
And forc'd their Clergy to ſwear to't
A Year before it's coming out.
The Truth is this, *Laud* could not brook
The *Scotch* ſhould mend the *Engliſh* Book;
Cauſe 'twould have hinder'd this to paſs
Which he had fram'd; *his Baſtard Maſs.*
Yet ſome *Scotch* Biſhops of his Faction
Were (for a blind) put firſt to Action
To frame the *Prayer* and *Canons*; then
To ſend them up to *Him* and *Wren*, And

'made them ready, they ſhould tranſmit them to 'the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, to whoſe Aſſiſtance 'the King joined *Juxton* Biſhop of *London*, and *Wren* 'Biſhop of *Norwich*, a Man very Learned, and par-'ticularly verſed in the old Liturgies of the *Greek* 'and *Latin* Churches.' A Sign that they deſign'd to make this Liturgy reſemble thoſe *old Liturgies*; and ſo it really did in many Things, as the *Scotch* Author of *Laudenſium Autocatacriſis* makes plainly appear.

'It was (ſays he) now two Years before the Bi-'ſhops in *Scotland* had prepared any Thing to offer 'to the King towards their intended Reformation: 'And then they inverted the proper Method, 'and firſt preſented a Body of Canons to preceed 'the

And *Juxton*, who muſt overlook
And give the laſt Strokes to the Book.
And ſo it may, without miſtaking,
Be call'd a Book of *Laud's* own making.
And ſo the *Scots* are pleas'd to ſtile it,
When they with Tongue or Pen revile it.
It is to be obſerved too,
The *Scotiſh* Nation never knew
What *Laud* and *Juxton* were about,
Till theſe ſtrange *Canons* firſt came out,
Which authoriz'd the Prayer-Book 'ere
The Book appear'd above a Year.
And by theſe *Canons*, Old and Young
Were bound to ſtand to't, right or wrong;
Nay, tho' they knew not but it might
Not have one ſingle Word in't right.
Oh! Bleſt Reformers, you may boaſt
Th' Aſſiſtance of the Holy Ghoſt,
As once your Predeceſſors ſpoke
On like Occaſion. But miſtook.
Laud having done what could be done to't,
And Pſalms in *Engliſh* Meetre bound to't,
'Twas made the publick Liturgy
Of *Scotland*, by Authority.

But

'the Liturgy, which was not yet ready. After *Laud*,
'*Juxton*, and *Wren's* Peruſal of them, and ſome Al-
'terations made, His Majeſty iſſued out his Procla-
'mation for the due Obſervation of them in the
'Kingdom of *Scotland*. It was a fatal Inadvertency,
'that the Canons, neither before nor after they were
'ſent to the King, had been ever ſeen by the As-
'ſembly or any Convocation of the Clergy, who
'were ſo ſtrictly obliged to the Obſervation of them,
'nor ſo much as communicated to the Lords of the
'Council of that Kingdom. But it was the un-
'happy Craft of thoſe Biſhops (*Laud* and his Faction)
'to get it believ'd by the King, that the Work
'wou'd

But when th' abuſed People ſaw
It was eſtabliſh'd there by Law,
They angry grew as Waſps in Hole
When Boys thruſt in a burning Coal.
When it appear'd in *Edenborough*,
It's Entertainment was but rough.
For when at Kirk the City met,
And People in their *Pews* were ſet,
Expecting what prodigious Birth
The teeming Mountains wou'd bring forth.
And Dean himſelf in Desk had put,
Like old *Diogenes* in *Butt*,
Compos'd his Face in Rev'rend Faſhion,
And look'd devout to Admiration,
Not doubting but an Holy Man
They wou'd eſteem him. So began
To read his Prayer, But Oh! What chanc'd
'Ere he was thrice three Lines advanc'd?
Jane Gaddis, a Virago jolly,
Who ſat on Stool in midſt of Alley,
Steps boldly up, and takes upon her
To ſtop his Mouth, but in rude manner.
Out thou faus Thief, (quo' ſhe) *thou Hog*,
Say'ſt thou thy Maſs at my awn Lug?

The

'wou'd be grateful to the moſt conſiderable of the 'Nobility, the Clergy, and the People, in order to 'the obtaining His Majeſty's Approbation and Au-'thority to it; and ſo they durſt not, in Truth, ſub-'mit thoſe Canons to any other Examination than what the King ſhould direct in *England*, (which were only them three.) 'It was, in the next Place, 'as ſtrange, that Canons ſhould be publiſhed before 'the Liturgy was prepared, which was not ready 'in a Year after, or thereabouts, when three or 'four of the Canons were principally for the Ob-'ſervation of, and punctual Compliance with the 'Liturgy, which all the Clergy were to be ſworn to

'ſubmit

The Foe-Fein click away thy Tongue:
And at his Head her Stool ſhe flung.
By other zealous Female Souls
'Twas follow'd by a Shower of Stools;
And (*e*) Sticks and Stones, and *Bibles* flew;
Whatever came to Hand they threw,
Till ſilly Dean was batter-fang'd
Like *Hudibras*, by *Trulla* bang'd.
But when his Grace, the Biſhop, who
Sat trembling in his Pew below,
Had call'd his Spirits from Surprize,
He lifted up his Voice and Eyes,
And crying loud, that all might hear,
Conjur'd his Dean to diſappear.
Gladly the Priſoner broke looſe
Out of his little Pulpit-houſe;
And left it empty for his Grace,
Who nimbly ſtept into the Place;
Not doubting but they would regard
His Graceful Look and Rev'rend Beard:
But neither heeded they his Face,
Nor if he had, or wanted Grace;

But

'ſubmit to, and to pay all Obedience to what was 'enjoyn'd by it, before they knew what it con-'tained. One of the Canons defin'd, 'That no 'Clergyman ſhould conceive Prayers *extempore*, but 'be bound to pray only by the Form preſcribed 'in the Liturgy, (*which, by the way, was not yet made*)

It was in the Year 1637 that the Liturgy, after it had been ſent out of *Scotland* and peruſed by three Biſhops in *England*, then approved and confirmed by the King, was publiſhed and appointed to be read in all Churches.

(*e*) A Shower of Stones, Sticks, and Cudgels were thrown at the Dean's Head. The Biſhop went up in the Pulpit, but he found no more Reverence,

But ply'd him, now their Hands were in,
Worſe than before they did his Dean:
With Stools and Staves he was ſo maul'd,
That on all Fours down he crawl'd.
But as from Pulpit he made Salley,
He meets *Lord Chancellor* i'th' Alley,
Come to aſſiſt him with a Guard
Of Musketeers, for Fight prepar'd:
The beaten Biſhop taking Heart,
Reſolves on making good his part,
Seizes *Jane Gaddis* by the Neck,
And gives another Whore a Kick,
And briskly dares the Mob to Battle;
Who hearing *Bandaleers* to rattle,
Thought ſafer 'twas to fly than fight,
Where nought could be expected by't
But broken Heads, and Legs, and Arms,
And, ten to one more deadly Harms.
Out of the Kirk in Heaps they throng,
The *weaker* Sort bore up the *Strong*,
For thoſe, be'ng trodden under Foot,
'Till theſe went off, could not get out.
At laſt the Kirk from Rabble clear'd,
The Biſhop (freed from what he fear'd)
Calls to his Dean, who all the while
Sculk'd in a Hole i'th' Northern Iſle.
Where dreading ſtill another Mauling,
Wou'd ſcarce come out at ſecond Calling:
But when he heard it was his Grace
That call'd him, he creeps from his Place.
Bleſs'd be the Time, ſays *Biſh*, Sir Dean,
That my Lord Chancellor came in;
For had he not, we'd into Quarters
Been pull'd, and ſent to *Fox* for Martyrs:

verence, nor was the Clamour and Diſorder leſs than before. The Chancellor commanded the Provoſt and Magiſtrates to deſcend from the Gallery and ſuppreſs the Riot. *Clarend*, Hiſt. Vol. 1.

Pray let us now *give Laud and Praiſe*
For the Peace given in our Days.
Can you tell where we left off Pray'r,
That we again may fall to't there.
For I love nothing, I am ſure.
Leſs than to ſay a Prayer twice o'er.
To Chancellor, who then ſtood by,
He turns, and thanks him heartily:
Soldiers, I alſo ſpeak to you,
Says he, take ev'ry Man his Pew;
And, in Requital of your Care,
My Dean ſhall read the Common-Prayer,
And beg a Bleſſing on your Weapons;
That Hens, and Geeſe, Young-Piggs, and Capons,
May never 'ſcape ye where you come,
But follow to the Beat of Drum.
And you, my Lord, whoſe happy Care
Engag'd you in this Holy War,
When Maſter Dean gives o'er to pray,
Give all your Soldiers leave to play:
It's lawful on the Sabbath Day,
For (*a*) Plays and Games, of any ſort,
Are ev'ry Sunday us'd at Court;
And Court Example's a Juſt Byaſs,
You know, for every Man that's Pious.
Beſides, to put it out of doubt,
The King has ſent a Licenſe out
For any Man to play on Sundays,
As well as work, or eat, on Mondays.
I do not think that Spirit holy
That makes Folk always melancholly;
Nor is there any harm, I think,
Sometimes to take an hearty Drink;

I mean

(*a*) The King thought good (ſays *Parker*) to ſet forth his Declaration, for tolerating Sports on the Lord's-Day in the Afternoon.

Which the Parliament afterwards charged home upon his Account.

I mean a Quart or two, or ſo,
When out of Kirk they ſleepy go.
Sleep is th' Effect of Common-Pray'r,
And ſo is Mirth of good ſtrong Beer.
This Exhortation being made,
The Dean took to his Desk and pray'd,
While pious People gave Attention
To this new Prayer of *Laud*'s Invention.
The Rabble, that they had ſhut out,
Were buſie all this while without,
In ſending now and then a Shower
Of Stones againſt the Church's Door,
And making all the Windows clatter,
Till not a Glaſs was left to batter.
Nor was't in *Edenborough* alone,
The like in other Kirks was done.
'Gainſt Biſhops, King, and Common-Prayer,
Arm, Arm, and ſo began the War:
And all run mad a cutting Throats
'Tween *Exeter* and *John-a groots*.
Thro' three whole Kingdoms, like a Flood,
It rowl'd, and drench'd the Earth in Blood.
Unnat'ral War! When in the Field,
The Sons the Blood of Fathers ſpill'd;
Fathers ſlew Sons, Brother kill'd Brother,
And Neighbours (*b*) butcher'd one another.
In Blood of Lords, Slaves waſh'd their Hands,
Raviſh'd their Ladies, ſeiz'd their Lands;
Slew helpleſs Children when they mourn'd
For Parents ſlain, and Houſes burn'd.
Young Virgins forc'd, and when they'd done,
Swords thro' the raviſh'd Dam'ſels run;
Robb'd Sacred Altars; Prieſts they ſlew;
Abus'd their own profane Kirks too;
Nor Gray-hairs ſpar'd, or Sucking-child,
Fury became at laſt ſo wild,

(*b*) A Book call'd *Mercurius Ruſticus* records many lamentable Examples of their inhuman Cruelties.

They'd tear the Infant from the Breaſt,
And daſh it's Brains againſt a Poſt;
And new-born Babes mount in the Air
Impaled on the Point of Spear,
The tender Mothers ſtanding by
Spectators of the Tragedy.
And when the Infant's Life was gone,
Their Pikes thro' dying Parents run.
The *Engliſh* great *Long-Parliament*,
Minding at firſt how Matters went,
Reſolve t' aſſiſt the *Scottiſh* Kirk
In carrying on the Godly Work;
And with the *Covenanters* joyn
For Presbyterian Diſcipline,
And carrying on the *Good-Old-Cauſe*,
'Gainſt King, and Biſhops, Lords, and Laws.
The Earl of *Strafford* was the Man
With whom that Parliament began;
A Noble and Heroick Knight,
Ever victorious in Fight,
In Council ſage, wiſe his Advice,
Reſolv'd, but never reſolv'd twice;
Faithful, his Loyalty unfeign'd,
I grieve to ſay, *his Conſcience ſtain'd*
With Tyranny, and unjuſt Tricks
Againſt the (*c*) *Iriſh* Catholicks.
For theſe he us'd as if they'd been
Wild Infidels, not Chriſtian Men.
But this I leave. In ev'ry thing
He was moſt faithful to the King;
And certainly, if he had ſtood,
The King had never loſt his Blood.

This

(*c*) See *Ireland's Caſe briefly ſtated.* Printed 1695, p. 18. When he came down into *Yorkſhire*, dignify'd with the Title and Office of *Lord Preſident of the North*, he deſired his Kinſman and Friend, Sir *Walter Vavaſor*, to leave his Catholick Religion and become Proteſtant;

This Lord above the King they dreaded,
As being much the deeper headed;
And ſo againſt him drew a Charge;
(Malicious it was and large)
And to the Bar of Parliament
He's call'd to anſwer what was in't,
Tho' his Defence was good and plain
Againſt the Charge, yet all in vain,
For they'd reſolv'd before to Vote,
In downright Terms, to cut his Throat:
And ſo drew up the bloody Bill;
Charles ſign'd it; but againſt his Will:
For he, who knew him innocent,
Could not in Conſcience give Conſent
To take his Life; and therefore ſends
For *Ghoſtly Council* to his Friends;
And calls his Biſhops for Advice
About this Caſe of Conſcience nice,
Whether he could an Innocent
Behead, to pleaſe his Parliament?
They did not long debate the Matter,
For they were *Caſuiſts* by Nature;
That into Good could turn all Evil,
(Fitting *Confeſſors* for the Devil)

teſtant; for I (ſays he) am reſolv'd utterly to extirpate Catholick Religion out of all my Government in the *North*; to which Sir *Walter* reply'd thus: 'My Lord, There has been a more experienc'd Po-'litician than you can pretend to be, about bringing 'the Extirpation of Catholicks to paſs, for now a-'bove this hundred Years, but he never yet could 'do it; ſo I believe your Lordſhip will fall ſhort 'in your Deſigns. At this the Earl ſeem'd ſtruck, and ask'd him, who this Politician was? To which Sir *Walter* anſwer'd, *It is the Devil.* This was related to me by a Perſon of Honour and known Candor. M. P. V. C. the Earl's Head was cut off not long after. *Clarendon*

They told the King there was no Ill
To give Aſſent, and Sign the Bill.
Thus waranted by ghoſtly Guide,
Charles Sign'd the Bill, and *Strafford* dy'd.
Laud and the King, who thought they wou'd
Reſt ſatisfy'd with *Strafford's* Blood,
Perceive their Error but too late
To ſhun their own approaching Fate.
The Lower Houſe grew High and Mighty,
And Trifles paſs for Matters weighty;
They want a thorow Reformation
Of Government, thro' Church and Nation.
The more the King with them complies,
Still greater Differences ariſe;
Till their Deſign grew evident
Of ruining the Government;
Remonſtrances, to this Intent,
O'er all the Nation fly in Print,
On purpoſe by the Commons ſent,
To villifie the Government.
The giddy Rabble are call'd down,
From every Corner of the Town,
Arm'd with good Clubbs, and Trunchions truſty,
Old Swords, Half-Pikes, and Daggers ruſty;

And

Clarendon has this Note in his Margent; *The Privy Council, and ſome of the Biſhops, adviſed the King to paſs the Bill.* And in his Hiſtory he goes on thus: *His Majeſty told them, that what had been propoſed for him to do, was directly contrary to his Conſcience.* The Archbiſhop of *York* told him, that there was a private and a publick Conſcience: That his publick Conſcience, as King, might not only diſpenſe with, but oblige him to do that, which was againſt his private Conſcience, as a Man.

And that the Queſtion was not, whether he ſhould ſave the Earl of *Strafford*, but whether he ſhould periſh with him, &c.

By

And with *Petitions* more pernicious
Than all their Edge-tools: Theſe Seditious
Cry out, *O make the Nation eaſie,*
By freeing't from Epiſcopacy.
Let not thoſe Prelates, diſaffected
To *Good-Old-Cauſe*, nor Lords ſuſpected
Of Popery, have any Vote,
But for *Malignants* turn 'em out,
And brand their Names with *Delinquency*,
A blacker Crime than *Necromancy*.
Thus let the Low-Houſe purge the Upper
From Members rotten, and improper.
Thus the wiſe Mob's Petitions ran,
And each *paſs'd* for a Godly Man:
The Houſe of Commons did atteſt
Vox populi Vox DEI eſt.
And, *For the Lard's-ſake*, freely grants
All ſuch Petitions of the Saints,
And pack the Biſhops out of Houſe,
As Tools of none or little uſe.
The King thus finding things go ill,
And all drive on againſt his Will,
Thinks it the ſafeſt way for him
To abdicate the *Sanhedrim*.
At *Huntington* ſome Days he ſtay'd,
Then down to *York* his Progreſs made,
Where Common-Prayer, and Parſons meet him,
And Northern Gentry come to greet him,

And

By ſuch unprelatical ignominious Arguments, in plain Terms, they adviſed him even for Conſcience ſake to paſs that Act; tho' the Biſhop acted his Part with more prodigious Boldneſs and Impiety; (yet) *others of the ſame Function did not what might have been expected from their Calling and their Truſt.*

(Thus he) which is to ſay, they were all of the Biſhop of *York*'s Mind, and gave their Aſſent to what

And guard his Perſon, as was fit,
From Danger that attended it.
Yet badly arm'd, for almoſt all
Want *Powder*, ſome want *Guns*, ſome *Ball*,
So that, tho' Men of Reſolution,
They could do little Execution.
At *Hull* there was a Magazine,
That could ſupply ten thouſand Men
With *Powder*, *Guns*, *Ball*, and *Buff-coats*,
And Inſtruments for cutting Throats;
Thither his Majeſty repairs
To get Utenſils for his Wars;
But all in vain, tho' it was full,
For (*d*) *Hotham* barr'd him out of *Hull*.
This wicked Traitor, and his Son,
Open Rebellion firſt begun,
And Storms, that long had been a brewing,
Broke out at *Hull* to *England's* Ruin.
And now the Drums begin to rattle,
And Parli'menteers arm for Battle;
To Field rebellious Armies come,
Headed by (*e*) *Eſſex* and *Black-Tom*,
The Parli'ment ſeize the ſtrong Forts,
The Magazines, and the Cinque-Ports.
Get the Militia and Train'd-bands,
And Royal-Fleet, into their Hands,
On t'other Side the King prepares,
And Arms his Loyaliſts for Wars:
At *Nottingham* the *Standard-Royal*
Sets up, to ſhew he will employ all,

That

what he adviſ'd the King. *Silence gives Conſent.*
Brave Proteſtant Guides.

See how the King laments for this in his *Eikon Baſilike.*

(*d*) Sir *John Hotham*, then Governor of *Hull*, the firſt profeſs'd Traitor.

(*e*) The Earl of *Eſſex*, and Sir *Thomas Fairfax* of *Denton*.

That dare come venture Life and Limb
For Biſhops, Common-Prayer, and *Him*;
And run the Riſque of Ax, and Halter,
For *Railing-in a Table Altar.*
Standard no ſooner was ſet out,
But to it marches Horſe and Foot:
Such Loyaliſts, and Men of Worth,
Came from all Quarters of the North,
As had a Mind to die in Fight
For Altar, Prayer, and *Charles*'s Right.
The *Papiſts*, who were ever Loyal
To Government, and Perſon Royal,
Send in their *Forces* to aſſiſt him,
But he in zealous Scorn diſmiſt 'em:
For Biſhop *Laud*, whoſe very Nod
The King obey'd, as Man of God,
Sent as old Prophets were, to bring
Celeſtial Tidings to the King:
This little black (*f*) *Lord of a Fly*,
Who hated Papiſts mortally,
Blew into *Charles* his Head a Maggot,
That turn'd him to ſo vain a Biggot,
As t'think ſhould he a Papiſt Liſt,
'Twould bring a Curſe on all the reſt.
Laud thought the Papiſts Swords would blunt
The Edges of Swords-Proteſtant,
And turn 'em all as ſoft as Lead,
By occult Charm in luckleſs Blade.
The (*g*) King, dreading this dire Prediction,
Obeys the *Seer*'s ſage Direction,
And out a Proclamation ſends,
That Papiſts (tho' his trueſt Friends)

Should

(*f*) The firſt Proteſtants in their Scripture Language called *Belzebub*, (the Devil) *The Lord of a Fly.*

(*g*) His Majeſty declared by his Proclamation, *That no Papiſt Recuſant ſhould ſerve in his Army.* Micro-Chroni. *Anno* 1642.

Should quit his Armies and from thence
Never draw Sword in his Defence.
Happy they, had he been ſo kind
As never to have chang'd his Mind.
But ſad Experience taught him better
Than his Prophetick Fools of Letter;
For being bang'd from Place to Place,
And by the Rebels kept in Chaſe,
Till out of Breath his Men were grown,
As hunted Stags are when run down;
Then, tho' too late, he found he needed
The Help of thoſe he fondly dreaded:
And gladly gives them now Commiſſion,
Without the Fear of Superſtition.
Reſentment they have none or Spleen,
But to his Aid bring all their Men.
Their Duty they as much expreſs'd,
As if he ne'er had murder'd Prieſt,
Nor ſhewn his Malice ſo intenſe
As not t' accept of their Defence:
Which at the firſt, if he had done,
He would have ſav'd both Head and Crown.
But, poor unhappy Prince, *His Fate*
Was to do all he did too late.
When all was loſt, the King was forc'd,
With a ſmall Party, meanly Hors'd,
To fly from *Oxford* to the *Scots*,
A deſperate way to ſave their Throats;
For Covenanters as ye ken,
Are treacherous perfidious Men.
The *Scots*, who then at *Newark* lay,
Gladly ſecure the Royal Prey,
In hopes, by way of Merchandize,
To fill their Satchels by the Prize;
Send out their *Cryer* with his Bell,
Wha'll buy a King? He's here to ſell.
The Parliament (for ſuch a *Gem*
Could not be purchas'd but by them)

Bid

Bid for him; and the Bargain ſtruck,
The King is *Liver'd*, *with ill-Luck*.
An hundred thouſand Pounds they pay,
The *Scots* ſnap't up, and ſneak away.
And now the King, a woful Sight,
Is Priſoner kept in th' Iſle of *Wight*,
Where he's detained for a while,
Then brought to *London* from the Iſle.
They charge him with an Heap of Treaſon
On pure Deſign to cut his Weaſon,
And call him up to anſwer for't
At Bar of *Self-Commiſſion'd-Court*.
Thoſe that accus'd him at the Bar,
And Evidences that were there,
Were Jury, and his Judges too.
A baſe ignoble impious Crew
Of *Independents*, late ſprung out,
Slips from a *Presbyterian* Root;
And Presbyterians mix'd with them,
Compos'd the Bloody *Sanhedrim*.
Bradſhaw, a Pettifogger, ſent
From Hell, was made the *Preſident*;
Next him ſat *Cromwell* at the Board,
Firſt let us ſeek (ſays he) the Lord,
To know what he wou'd have us do;
We dare not act in't till we know:
For what we do, it muſt be done,
Juſt as the Spirit leads us on;
And thus to ſeek the Lord, he fell
To Cant and Pray, with Tears at Will,
Till Purple Noſe, well drench'd in theſe,
Look'd like an Orange dipt in Greaſe,
Our Hearts, O *Lard* (And thus they pray,
As Witches do, the backward way)
With Godly Council fill and wholſom,
And to our Sores put *Gilead*'s Balſom,
By cutting off the *Evil-Doer*,
Whom thou haſt put into our Power,

As

As thou gav'ſt into *Joſhua's* Hand,
The wicked Kings of th' Holy-Land,
To hang 'em upon Trees (O Father!
Prais'd be thy Name) by Fives together.
The Wicked, as the Scripture ſays,
Shall never live out half his Days;
Aſſiſt then what we are about,
And let his Kingdoms ſpew him out.
But yet on t'other Side, O *Lard*,
If thou rememb'reſt, *David* fear'd
To touch the Lord's Anointed, all
The Harm he did to wicked *Saul*,
Was cutting off the Skirt of's Coat;
This makes us fear to cut the Throat
Of our anointed King. We pray,
O *Lard*, thou'lt put us in a Way
How we may take his Life, and yet
Be innocent in doing it.
Or elſe, *Lard*, if thou art content
To take our homely Counſel in't;
We think it may be brought to paſs
Juſtly enough; let's do it thus:
Firſt we'll diſtinguiſh and divide
Charles from the (*b*) *King*; let *Charles* be try'd:
We'll only *Charles* to Judgment bring,
But ſhall not meddle with the *King*,
Pray let it, *Lard*, be thus appointed,
To free from Blood of thine Anointed
Thy Holy People, who ſit here
Crying to thee in frevent Prayer.
Thus on they pray'd, till well (*i*) inſpir'd
Took all for granted they deſir'd;

And

(*b*) They fired in the Face of the *King* for the Safety of his *Perſon*, ſays the Author of *Perſecutio Undecima*, p. 2.

(*i*) The *Presbyterians* kill'd the King, and the *Independants* murder'd *Charles Stuart*. Vindicat. of the *Eng.* Cath. &c. againſt *Oates's* Narrat. p. 2.

And with a joint Conſent they bring
Charles Stuart Traitor to the *King*,
And *Bradſhaw*, as the Mouth of Court,
Pronounc'd his Sentence in this ſort.
Thy Head Charles Stuart, *ſhall be ſtruck*
Off from thy Shoulders on a Block.
This ſaid, the bloody Butchers lead him
To Execution, and behead him.
The King thus murder'd, *Charles* his Son
Secur'd by pious *Huddleſton*
A Popiſh-Prieſt, the Rebels ſeek
Thro' all the Land, thro' every Creek;
Yet by good Providence that bleſs'd him,
Where e'er they ſought they almoſt miſs'd him.
By the two *Pendrills* he was fed,
A Tree his Palace and his Bed,
Hid in the Hollow of an Oak,
Secure he lay from fatal Stroke;
Till at the laſt, by happy Chance,
They got him ſafe convey'd to *France*;
Where *James* the Duke of *York*, his Brother,
Was alſo baniſh'd, and his Mother;
For this indeed, was their Deſign,
To murder, if they could, the Royal Line.
And now that Forty-eight is run,
Let us return back and go on
With Altars, Sacrifice, and Prayer,
And things call'd Prieſts, who many a Year
Had help'd the Biſhops in the Brewing
This bloody Cup to all their Ruin.
Perhaps the Railing in their Table
Came from Queen *Beſs*'s private Chappel;
But that's no matter, for my Rhime
The Story tells (*ſometimes* the Time.)
The Biſhops, as they ſtile themſelves,
A Sort of buſie luckleſs Elves,
That in Reforming never yet
Knew where, or what they would be at;

Brought on at firſt this bloody Work,
By painting th' outſide of their Kirk,
To make it ſeem like that of *Rome*,
At leaſt as nigh as it could come,
And not in *Subſtance* be the ſame,
Nor have from thence it's *Faith* and *Name*.
Now *Sacrifice* they'll have, and *Prieſt*,
And Table like an *Altar* dreſt;
And a ſtrange ſort of *Real Preſence*,
Without *Reality* or *Eſſence*.
For *Laud*, that Ape, would imitate
The High-Prieſt's Faith in *Peter's* Seat;
But bungled it as Monkies do,
And took a falſe Faith for a true:
And the ambitious Fool had hope;
To make himſelf the Weſtern Pope;
And from the *Belgick* Ocean rule
Beyond *Hibernia* and *Thule*.
God's Board is what they firſt reform,
Which never mov'd but brought a Storm:
From midſt of Choir they thought it good
To place it where the *Altar ſtood*
Before the Days of little *Ned*,
When true Religion flouriſhed;
And Altar-wiſe they needs muſt ſet it,
Cloſe to the Wall as they could get it;
Where they preſum'd to *Rail it in*,
As if a *real* Altar it had been:
Nor would they call it now God's-Board,
But *Holy Altar of the Lord*.
But Oh, the (*k*) Parſon was to ſtand
At this New Altar's *Northern End*.

To

(*k*) The Rubrick in their Liturgy commands the Parſon to ſtand at the North *Side* of the Table when he officiates: But having got their Table ſet Altar-wiſe againſt the Eaſtern Wall, then it's Sides ſtood Eaſt and Weſt and it's End North and South; ſo that

To ſuch as are diſpos'd to laugh,
The Thing's ridiculous enough,
To ſee the Vicar offering up,
At Altar's *End*, his Bread and Cup.
But prithee why ſo merry, Friend?
Their new-ſhap'd Altar has no *End*,
But only *Sides*; 'tis *Side* all o'er
Two long, two ſhort, in Number Four.
Tho' every thing, if Proverb's true,
An End has, and a Pudding Two.
By calling thus it's *End* it's *Side*,
They got their *Rubrick* ſatisfy'd:
Unlucky *Rubrick*, that bids ſtand
At North *ſide*, not at it's North-*end*.
Vicar of Grantham was the Man
That with his Table firſt began;
The firſt, I mean, that fell to work
About it in a Country Kirk;
For he, in every Godly Thing
Reſolv'd to imitate the King
And Biſhops, who cloſe to the Walls
Had ſet 'em in the Cathedrals:
And in the Royal Chapel't ſtood
Much like an *Altar*, but of Wood.
And this he thought a Pattern fit
To imitate, ſo follow'd it.
No ſooner had he mov'd his Board,
But all the Herd of Wild-Beaſts roar'd.

that if the Parſon ſtand North, it muſt of neceſſity be at the North *End*. The Author of *The Coal from the Altar* p. 23. thus preſs'd, could find no way to ſolve this Difficulty, and to make his Altar agree with his Rubrick, but by calling it's Ends Sides. It is *plain*, ſays he, *that if we* ſpeak according *to the Rules of Art, every Part of it is a Side. When therefore he that miniſtereth at the Altar ſtands at the North-End of the ſame, as we uſe to call it; he ſtands, no queſtion, at the North-*

The *Alderman*, and all the Town,
Ruſh'd in to pull his Altar down.
The *Vicar* minding well (good Man)
The dangerous Riſque his Altar ran,
Click'd up a Rail, that they had broke,
And to cloſe Battle him betook;
Deals round his luſty Bangs among
The very thickeſt of the Throng,
Till Leggs and Arms of divers Men
Fell to repent their coming in;
And from the Danger of the Fray
Made haſte they cou'd to get away:
Till in good time the *Alderman*,
Who flying made the Rear the Van.
Facing about in midſt of Alley,
Make Head, cries he my Boys and rally,
Why ſhould we be afraid, and run
Like Cowards, when we are Ten to One? He

North ſide thereof, as in Propriety of Speech we ought to call it. The Author of *the Holy Table, Name and Thing*, (ſuppos'd to be *William* Biſhop of *Lincoln*) Ridicules this fond Conceit, at a comical Rate, for 5 or 6 Pages together; p. 50, to 57. 'It is not without a great 'deal of Reaſon (ſays he) that Dr. *Cole* thus triumphs 'to have found, by his rare Invention and Study in 'Geometry, four Sides in a long Table, nor with-'out ſome hope of having one Day an Altar and a 'Sacrifice for Joy of this Diagram; and ſurely well 'may he deſerve it, if at a Table that hath no *End*, 'he can officiate at the End of the Table; (he goes 'on) If your *Eve*, Sir, was taken from your Side, (but 'ſhe was not taken from every Part of a Man) tell 'her, that ſhe was taken from your Heels, and you 'ſhall quickly find her (if ſhe be mettled) about 'your Ears. So when you officiate at the *End* of the Table, you may officiate at a Part; but you cannot officiate at that Part of the Table; to which, by the *Rubrick*, confirmed by Act of Parliament, you are literally directed and appointed.

Go on, but first let's arm our selves
With Benches broken Stalls, and Shelves;
Pluck up, and take whate'er you light on,
Then let us boldly go and fight on,
He said, and from the *Magazine*
Of *Stall* and *Pew* he arm'd his Men;
Who in close Body all assail
The angry *Vicar* and his Rail;
Who by this time had wisely got
His Gown cast off, for he was hot,
And in a little nimble Vest
That reach'd a Neiffe beneath his Wast,
Upon the Steps the Sable Knight
Takes up his Stand, resolv'd to fight;
By the Advantage of the Steps
He laid approaching Foes in Heaps.
The Valiant Chief, that led them on
Was an *Inn-keeper*, fat as *Brawn*;
A busie Fellow, grim and tall,
But an unwieldy Animal.
The *Alderman* brought up the Rear,
Lieutenant like, but came not near;
For he resolv'd not to be slain
Till *Vicar* first had kill'd his Men.
Their Captain bravely leads 'em up,
Till they had forc'd the second Step;
When *Rail* of (*l*) *Vicar* by good Chance,
Pushes the *Chieftain* on the Paunch;

(*l*) *The Holy Table, Name and Thing*, tells us that when the *Vicar* fell upon removing of the Communion-Table from the upper Part of the Choir to the Altar Place, as he call'd it, Mr. *Wheatley*, the Alderman, questioning him thereupon, what Authority he had from the Bishop? Received this Answer, That his *Authority was this, He had done it, and he would justify it.* Mr. *Wheatley* commanded his Officers to remove the Table to the Place again, which they did accordingly,

Who backwards falling, rudely catches
Two of his Party by the Breeches;
And being heavy, down go all,
And Three behind 'em with the Fall:
Thus Six at once, by lucky Thruſt
Of Rail, the Vicar laid in Duſt.
At the firſt Onſet, thus defeated.
Some Paces back the Foes retreated;
As wiſely dreading farther Harms,
And beg Ceſſation of Arms
Might for an Hour, or ſo, be made,
Till they had carry'd off their Dead;
For they believ'd their *Chief*, and Five
That fell in Fight, were ſcarce alive.
But to their Comfort, when they come
To lift at *Leader's* weighty Bum,
They by his Praiſes, and Thankſgiving
For Life and Limb, found he was living.
All Hands to work, they get the Top-
End of him rear'd directly up,
And both his nether Limbs ſet right,
Which like two Pillars bore the Weight.
He try'd to go, and found he went,
And that his Belly was not rent;
Only a Bruiſe nigh to it's Porthole,
Got by the Fall, but was not Mortal.

Courage

cordingly, but not without *STRIKING*, much Heat and Indiſcretion, both of the one Side and the other.

The Vicar ſaid, he cared *not what they did with their old Treſſel; for he would make him an Altar of Stone at his own Charge, and fix it to the old Altar-Place, and would never officiate at any other.* The People replying he ſhould ſet up no Dreſſer of Stone in their Church. Mr. *Wheatley*, the Alderman, writ to the Biſhop of thoſe Paſſages; as alſo of his light Geſtures in Bowing at the Name of *Jeſus*, ſo as ſometimes his Book fell down, and once himſelf, to the Deriſion of others, &c.

This was about *July*, 1627.

Courage he takes, and with the *Vicar*
Reſolves a ſecond time to bicker:
He brandiſhes his *Sword of Stall.*
And breathes out Vengeance for the Fall.
Thus big with Valour, ſounds to Battle,
Commanding all his two legg'd Cattle
To fall on with a Stomach eager,
And *Vicar*'s Fort of Steps beleaguer;
Who vigouroufly his Wall defends:
But, as he could not at both Ends
And in the Middle be at once,
His Fort they ſtorm by Conſequence.
A bow-legg'd *Taylor* that was there,
None look'd upon him fit for War,
Nor did the *Vicar* ever mind him,
Till the ſly Raſcal got behind him,
And butting, with his Head, the Hips
Of *Vicar*, puſh'd him from the Steps
So rudely that he fell among
The very middle of the Throng,
Who ſeize upon him and his Rail,
And ſtoutly thraſh his *Coat-o'-Mail*;
And had he not call'd out for Quarter,
He'd been his Altar's Porto-Martyr.
Thus having laid the *Vicar* ſtill,
That he could do no further Ill,
The *Alderman*, by Help of Rabble,
Brought from the Wall *Communion-Table*;
Below the Steps he plac'd it, where
It ſtood before, in midſt of Choir.
The Miniſter (another Jeſt)
Muſt now, forſooth, be call'd a *Prieſt*;
And ſo a *Sacrifice* they muſt
Procure, or all their Labour's loſt:
For wanting this, they ſaw 'twas plain
That *Prieſt* and *Altar* were in vain.
But what this *Holocauſt* muſt be,
They never yet could all agree,
Commemorative-Sacrifice
One holds, another this denies.

The

The Biſhop and their Doctors grave
Will needs a *Real Preſence* have;
But this muſt neither be by *Con-*
Nor *Tranſubſtantiation.*
But by ſome other ſort of Way,
Yet *What.* or *How*, they could not ſay.
The Presbyterian Party pleaded
That Sacrifice no other needed,
Than offering up *Themſelves* and *Praiſe*
And *Prayers* and *Thanks* in Goſpel-Days;
And that there needed not for ſuch
Material Altars in the Church:
For Hearts were Altars, Ev'ry Man
Bore one about to offer on,
And to himſelf could ſerve for *Prieſt.*
This Doctrine pleaſed not the reſt,
For e're they would an Altar want,
And *Sacrifice* to offer on't,
Their *Bread* and *Wine* they did at laſt
Conclude to be the *Holocauſt*,
And muſt be call'd (for they were wiſe)
(*a*) *Commemorative Sacrifice.*
The Presbyterians anſwer this:
Hold, Sirs, you take the Thing amiſs,
Your *Homily* it ſelf denies
Commemorative-Sacrifice.
Indeed you can no further paſs
Than to *Remember that o'th'Croſs.*
And this you may do ev'ry Day,
Tho' *Prieſt* and *Altar* were away.
The *Memory* of Sacrifice,
Moſt certainly can never riſe
To be the Sacrifice it ſelf.
This ran them on another Shelf,

This

(*a*) The Church allows of a *Commemorative Sacrifice* for a perpetual Memory of Chriſt's precious Death, of that his full, perfect, and ſufficient Sacrifice, ſays *The Coal from the Altar*, p. 8.

And made them think their Sacrament
Muſt need's retain Chriſt's Preſence in't,
To make the ſame a fit Oblation;
And this muſt be from Conſecration;
Yet will not have it underſtood
As if *Chriſt's Body and his Blood*
Were (*b*) *Really* there: For this will be,
Say they, no leſs than Popery;
From which it's fit we keep as far
As rigid Presbyterians are.
And therefore, Brethren, let's be-all
For *Preſence*, but not *Preſence-Real.*
Thus off and on their Senſes vary
From *Real* to *Imaginary*,
Yet not *Imaginary* neither,
Nor *Real*, ſometimes both together,
And other whiles they knew not whether;
Till their *Non-Real-Real-Fiction*
Ended in *real* Contradiction.
Which ſubtle Presbyterians heeding,
Thus ridicule their mad Proceeding:
Ye have got a Prieſt and Altar, but
The (*c*) *Sacrifice appeareth not.*
An Holocauſt, *compleat and full*
You have it ſeems, but it's a Bull.

Con-

(*b*) After Dr. *Pocklinton* has, by Catholick Arguments and Authorities of the Holy Fathers, ſufficiently proved the *Real Preſence*; fearing to be accuſed of teaching Catholick Doctrine, he explains what ſort of Preſence was meant, out of a Crew of Proteſtant Authors; whoſe Teſtimonies, tho' he has the Confidence to pretend them for it, utterly deſtroy and bring it to a meer imaginary Chimera See his *Altare Chriſtianum.*

(*c*) The *Holy Table*, &c. ridicules 'em thus; *Behold the Fire and the Wood, but where is the* Lamb

for

Concerning Prieſt and Sacrifice,
And ſetting Tables Altar wiſe
Books, *Pro* and *Con*, fly out in Print,
Like Leeches gorg'd with Argument:
(*d*) *Grantham*'s ſtout Vicar ſcarce had got
His Board in Place of Altar ſet.
When out there comes a peeviſh *Letter*
To charge him for an Innovator;
Writ, as ſome Authors ſhrewdly gueſs,
By th' Biſhop of the Dioceſs.
Others report it writ by *Cotton*.
(By whom, it matters not a Button)
It ſhed, indeed, a Stock of Gall
On *Table-Altar* at the Wall.
Th' Vicar and his Altar-Party,
Stout Paper-Combatants and hearty,
Reſent in higheſt ſort th' Affront,
And vow Revenge whate'er come on't,
Which in this manner was effected;
One of 'em, like a Man diſtracted,
Starts up, and to the Altar goes,
Catches from thence a (*e*) *Coal*, and throws

Full

for the Burnt-Offering? &c. But ſays the *Coal* again, *The Church admits of a Commemorative Sacrifice*. The *Table* anſwers, *I do confeſs the Man hath found a Sacrifice* (*a true and real Sacrifice*,) *but it is a* Bull. Taurum Neptuno, Taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo. *Vir. Æneid.* A very ſtrange and hideous *Bull*, which this *Calf* makes the Church to ſpeak unto her People in her *publick Homily*. But the Church, in her *Homily*, and other publick Writings, never ſpeaks a Word of any *Commemorative Sacrifice*, but of the *Memory only* of a Sacrifice. See the *Holy Table, Name and Thing*.

(*d*) A Letter to the Vicar of *Grantham*, about ſetting his Table Altar-wiſe.

(*e*) In Anſwer to the Letter, comes out a Book call'd, *A Coal from the Altar*.

Full-drive at their pernicious Writing,
And all the *Table-Men* 't could light on.
But, Sirs, behold the ſcorching Brand
Was ſcarce deliver'd from his Hand,
When from the Table Party came
The (*f*) *Quench-Coal* out, to choak the ſame.
But *Quench Coal*, being but a dull
Inſipid Lump of Nonſenſe full,
Did little Harm, or none at all
To the victorious *Altar-Coal.*
But to it's Aid came the moſt able
Buffoons about Communion-Table,
And in a ſpiteful Laughter fall,
By way of Horſe-play on the Coal,
Throw *Canons* and *Injunctions* on it,
And muſty *Rubricks* heap upon it,
With *Fox's Acts*, and Lying *Jewel*,
And *Homilies* contriv'd to *do ill*;
With theſe, upon the Coal, they fling
(*g*) *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*
This was a mighty Piece of Stuff,
Brim-full of Banter; Droll, and Scoff,
By which, no doubt, the *Table-Members*
Had daſht the *Coal* into dead Embers,
If (*h*) *Pocklinton* had not reſtrain'd 'em
By his *Altare Chriſtianum*,
A Learned Book, where *Coal* and *Altar*
Found for a time, ſufficient Shelter,
Expell'd the Venom, dull'd the Sting
Of *Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*

The

(*f*) In Reply to the *Coal*, comes *The Quench Coal* out.

(*g*) Againſt the *Coal* alſo, *Williams* Biſhop of *Lincoln* writes his Book, entituled, *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing.*

(*h*) Dr. *Pocklinton's Altare Chriſtianum.*

The (*i*) Vicar dies; and, you muſt know,
He ſaw (it ſeems) from Grot below
His Altar in a Danger great,
And few that pleaded well for it:
Takes up his Pen, and falls to plead
For's Altar, tho' a Twelve-month dead.
Who doubts but all the Damn'd below,
And Devils, know what Sinners do?
Tho' 'tis a Crime to him that dares
Affirm that Saints hear juſt Men's Prayers.
Scarce was a Pen but what was try'd,
And Books flew out on every Side,
Till every Fop ſet up for Wit,
And *Laud*, and *Hall*, and *Heylyn* writ,
And ſo did *White*, and *Montague*,
And *Shelford*, *Couſins*, *Watts*, and *Dew*,
Laurence, and *Forbis*, and a Crew
Whoſe Names wou'd ſurfeit *Me* and *You*.
Nor was the Presbyterian Side
Leſs learn'd, leſs fierce, leſs occupy'd,
That is, in pulling down from Top
To Bottom, what the reſt ſet up,
And ſpoiling th' Image of a Kirk
That coſt Prelaticks ſo much Work.
For out comes (*i*) *Autokatakriſis*,
And dings their Altar all to Pieces,
Puts out their *Coal*, and quite deſtroys
Their *Shadow* of a Sacrifice,
Expos'd the Prelates and their Prayers,
And rais'd the *Mob* about their Ears.
This Book was writ about the Year
That *Laud* impos'd his Common-Prayer
Upon the *Scots*. It helped on
The War *Jane Gaddis* had begun,

And

(*i*) *The Dead Vicar's Plea.* Thus the Book's entituled.

(*k*) *Laudenſium* Αὐτοκατακρίσις.

And put an end to Gooſe-Quill Fight,
But not to Malice, Rage, and Spite.
Both Sides, in full Spring-Tide of Wrath,
But in the loweſt Ebb of Faith,
Fall on with Gun, and Sword, and Pike,
And ſhoot, and puſh, and ſlaſh, and ſtrike,
And hang, and head, and burn, and kill,
With all their Power to people *Hell.*
Thus for *Religion* both run mad.
When not a Grain on't either had.
Old *Laud*, who by this War had Hope
Of ſetting up himſelf for Pope,
Was by the *Hatchet* ſhorter made,
By half the Neck, and the whole Head.
His Fellow-Prelates, three times four,
(I care not whether leſs or more)
The Parliament ſent to the Tower;
Where they lay ſweating for a while,
And then were baniſh'd from the Iſle.
' Thus to the Presbyterian Rage and Zeal
' A Sacrifice thoſe buſie Biſhops fell,
' And their Reformed Church was overthrown
' By it's own Prop, the Reformation.
' For by the Rule that they Reformed *Rome*,
' By that ſame Rule they were Reform'd at home.
' All Sects in *England* have the ſelf-ſame Plea
' To Reform Them, as They the *Roman* See.
The *Wolves* at laſt thus laid to Sleep,
Up *Tygers* riſe to keep the *Sheep*,
And rule, without Controul, the *Herd*,
By Force of *Spirit* and the *Word*,
Two *Furies*, which a-main drive on
To further Reformation:
For Reformation never ends,
More it reforms, the leſs it mends.
In Place of former Liturgy,
They frame a ſtrange (*l*) *Directory*,
In which was neither *Pſalm* nor *Prayer*,
Nor *Creed*, nor *Pater-noſter* there

More than you'll find in *Erra-Pater*,
Yet highly valu'd for its Matter,
And reverenc'd in *Engliſh* Kirks,
As *Alchoran* among the *Turks*.
This Book was made to teach the Way
Of Diſcipline, and *how* to Pray
Not by Set Form, but Inward Light;
By Length of Prayer they knew when right,
It's Efficacy, Truth, and Strength,
Conſiſting all in Cant and Length.
Tho' Form of Prayer thoſe (*m*) Men have none,
Yet Form of Viſage they put on,
And by the Twine of Mouth and Forehead
Knead upan Aſpect damn'dly hor rid,
And ſhape their Faces to the Faſhion
Of their Decree of Reprobation.
In ſhort, a Sign of all that's baſe,
Sinful, and wicked's in his Face;
So by the outward Mark is gueſt
The inward Nature of the Beaſt.
On *Sundays*, when he leaves his Houſe
To go to Kirk, a thouſand Bows
He makes, and cringes in the Street
To ev'ry Hobby-horſe he meets,
Twiſting with little Smirks his Face,
To ſhew his Stock of inward Grace,
And be admired and reſpected
For Saint Eternally Elected.
But when he comes in Kirk, he goes
As if cloſe ſwaddl'd in his Cloaths,
To God he will not bow his Knee,
Like an old *Agonyclitee*.
Mounting his Desk, a while he ſits
In Silence, and his Eyes he ſhuts,
Thrice yawns, to ſuck the Spirit in,
That is, to operate within; Then

(*l*) *The Presbyterian Directory*, ſet out when they cry'd down the *Common Prayer*.
(*m*) A Presbyter or Preaching Elder.

Then a deep Groan, and out he brays
Such odd Extemporary Prayers,
As theſe that are recorded ſince
In (*n*) *Presbyterian Eloquence.*
Ending his Prayer, his Mouth he ſhuts,
And tunes the Organs of his Guts,
So do the reſt, till all perceive
Their Tune-big Paunches fall to heave,
And rumble thro' their droaning Pipes
A full Blaſt from the Bag of Tripes.
Throats thus ſet up, and Mouth wide ope,
Bob Wiſdom's Pſalm 'gainſt *Turk* and *Pope*
They ſing, or ſome *Geneva*-Jiggs,
Not much unlike the Squeak of Piggs,
By *Knox* compos'd, and ſuch as fled
From *England* at the Death of *Ned.*
I'll give an Inſtance here of one
By *Knox* ſet out; and thus ſings *John.*

(*n*) 'Lord Souſe 'em, Lord Douſe 'em in the Pou-
'dering-Tub of Affliction, that they may come out
'Tripes fitting for thy Table.' See *Cit and Bumpkin* by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

'Lord, give us Grace; for if thou give us not
'Grace, we ſhall not give thee Glory; and who
'will gain by that, Lord? *Huſton*'s Prayer in *Scotch Presb. Eloq.*

Borland's Prayer. 'Lord, when thou waſt electing
'to Eternity. Grant that we have not got a wrong
'Caſt of thy Hand to our Souls. *Presb. Eloq.*

Another Elder prays, 'Lord, thou haſt ſaid, that
'*he is worſe than an Infidel that provides not for his own*
'*Family.* Give us not Reaſon to ſay this of thee,
'Lord, for we are thine own Family, and yet have
'been but ſcurvily provided for of a long Time.
See the *Scotch Presb. Eloquence*, where you will find Plenty of like ſort.

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'Lord, for we are thine own Family, and yet have
'been but ſcurvily provided for of a long Time.
See the *Scotch Presb. Eloquence*, where you will find Plenty of like ſort.

Then Jezebel, *when she grew fat,*
Then she began to fling,
She's fat, she's fair, she's Finger fed,
Her Paunches down do hing.

Thus come at last to End of Psalm,
And all the Blusterers grown calm,
The *Elder*, in his frantick Heats,
Falls on with Fist, and Pulpit beats.
His Text he takes from Sacred Letter,
For Holy Gospel he knows better
Than any of the four that writ 'em,
And with their native Sense can fit 'em,
As well as dexterous Baboon
A Fiddle can, or Bag-pipe tune.
As soon as Words of Text are spoke,
He shuts up Notes and Bible-Book,
To shew 'tis not from Learning Human,
Or painful Study, but from Demon,
That dictates to him what he preaches,
And every Paradox he teaches.
For whatsoever he pretends,
He has his Proofs at Fingers ends,
Or stor'd in Scull, 'gainst Time of Need,
As Witches knot up Wind in Thread.
If't chance, as often't does, a Word
Escapes *blasphemous*, or absurd,
At Heels on't Scripture comes to back it;
He'll forge a Text before he'll lack it.
For's black Decree of *Reprobation*,
For *Cheating*, *Lying*, and *Oppression*,
For *Incest*, *Rape*, *Rebellion*, *Murther*,
He has his Texts in proper Order.
For cutting off the *Heads of Kings*
Scripture Authority he brings.
That God is *Author of all Sin*,
He finds the Proofs his Bible in.
Nothing flies from his impious Jaws
But what leaps out in Bible-Phrase.

When

When in the Heat of his Diſtractions,
Strangely ſurprizing are his Actions,
One Fit he'll ſeem all *Saint*, and civil,
Then on a ſudden turn a Devil;
Sometimes he'll ſmile, and then he'll weep,
Then cloſe his Eyes, as if aſleep,
When on a ſudden from his Dream
He'll ſtart, and Fury like exclaim
'Gainſt *Pope* and *Prelate*, *King* and *Prieſt*,
Of theſe he forms his *Antichriſt*,
And paints him in a Figure horrid,
With ten huge Horns on ev'ry Forehead,
And with a Septi-fronted Scull:
With this his monſtrous butting Bull
He frights the Women into Fits,
And ſcares the Men out of their Wits.
But when he ſets his Face to whine
(Strange Force of Sympathetick Twine)
The People writhe up ugly Faces,
As outward Signs of inward Graces.
Who does not this, by all the reſt
Is deem'd a *Reprobate* at beſt.
It is a main part of his Care
To (o) preach 'em all into Deſpair.
Horror, and deſperate Dejection,
Are his chief Signs of free Election.
When from the Kirk Folk go away,
To one another thus they'll ſay,
Ah! *Lard*, what Pains (good Man) he took?
He all this while preach'd without Book,
Yet made, bleſt Man, a Godly *Sermon*,
His Countenance is ſweet and charming,
For from each Twine of Mouth, or Frown,
One might perceive *Grace pouring down*.
Thus they extoll, and think him even
A very Angel dropt from Heaven.
Well, be it ſo, then I can tell
That he ſlipt down when Satan fell.

(o) *Scotch Presb. Eloq.*

Such gifted Elders kept the Steeple
For ſundry Years, and taught the People,
From Myſtick Senſe of Holy Word,
The Godly Uſe of Pike and Sword,
And all the Myſteries of War
'Gainſt Prelate, Prince, and Common-Prayer:
Till at the laſt their Church, alas!
Was brought to ſuch a warlike paſs,
That when it's Foes were overcome,
It fought on ſtill, and kill'd at home.
Elder with *Elder*, *Saint* with *Saint*,
Fought thro' their whole *Church-Militant*,
Till *Independent* got the better,
By Cant, and Sword, of the Presbyter.
But ken ye not what's *Independency*? Mind Sirs, I'll tell ye then,
It's Proteſtancy twice refin'd,
As every Body has a Mind,
And Juriſdiction wreſted from
The Pope, and cut in bits at home,
For ev'ry Man to have his Share.
(Equal Partition's very fair)
Thus each Man is a Pariſh-Prieſt,
Juſt to himſelf, not to the reſt.
A Red-Nos'd Ruffin called *Noll*,
Lord-Independent of them all,
Steps boldly up, and ſets him down,
Not in the *Throne*, but *on the Crown*.
He cut that Gordian-Knot in two,
Which *Charles* himſelf durſt never do,
That is, into the Houſe he went,
And turn'd out the *Long-Parliament*,
Then, under a Pretence of Zeal
For Publick Good, rul'd Common-Weal.
He took for's Title *Lord-Protector*;
Rul'd divers Years: At laſt the Hector,
In a huge Hurricane was hurl'd
Head-long into another World.

Noll

Noll in a Whirlwind blown away,
And *Dick*, his Son, not like to ſtay,
Folk ſober grew, and well content
To call again from Baniſhment
Their injur'd Land-Lord, and reſtore
The Farms they drove him from before.
They having ſpent both Blood and Treaſure,
Monk quietly brings in Great *Cæſar*.
The Exil'd King again reſtor'd,
In ſwarm the Biſhops and the Word;
Not that ſame Word which out they carry'd,
But a *new* Faith is now declared.
Religion takes another Frame,
It never ſtood two Reigns the ſame.
The *Real Preſence*, which before
So many taught, is held no more;
Nor is there any further Noiſe
Of *Altar*, *Prieſt*, or *Sacrifice*.
Charles, that ſo long, by Force of Arms
Had been kept from three goodly Farms,
And Biſhops drove from Dioceſes,
That had ſo long liv'd on their Greaſes,
Were glad, it ſeems, at any Coſt
To re-poſſeſs their Livings loſt;
And can ye blame them? for judge you
What Bangs and Hunger will not do,
Eſpecially with thoſe whoſe *Belly*
Is all the *Deity* they value.
Juxton (*p*) and *Sheldon*, *Wren*, and *Coſin*,
And other ſuch, about a Dozen,
Together met, after the Faſhion
Of Upper-Houſe of Convocation,
Calling their *petty Clerks* together,
Who, of the Houſes, made the Nether.
Hark Brethren, ſays old *Juxton*, hark,
We're got again to *Helm* of *Bark*;
Let's not forget how *Laud*, our Brother,
Miſguided, in his Time, the *Rudder*,

Till

(*p*) *Common-Prayer* again corrected.

Till over-ſetting in the Flood,
The Kirk was drown'd in Waves of Blood;
The Shelves on which he fondly run,
I pray, good Brothers, let us ſhun
By mild Compliance with *Diſſenters*,
And ſtretch no more their Faith on Tenters.
Why ſhou'd we, Sirs, make all this Din
About the Railing Tables in,
Or getting them ſet Altar-wiſe,
When Prieſt we want and Sacrifice?
I'd rather have us quite diſclaim
All our Pretenſions to the ſame.
There was a *Rubrick*, many a Day ſinco,
Contriv'd againſt the *Real Preſence*,
And ſet in *Edward's* Second Book,
But ſhortly after out was took
And flung away in Reign of *Beſs*;
Can any o'-ye tell where 'tis?
I have it by me, quoth *Ben. Laney*,
With other Pieces a great many,
That now are old and out of Uſe.
Go, bring it hither to the Houſe,
Says *Juxton*. Not ſo faſt, quoth *Wren*,
Let's never meddle with't agen.
It is a Piece of impious Stuff,
Without a Word of Scripture-Proof,
But quite againſt the Sacred Letter;
Well, well, quoth *Juxton*, that's no matter;
We muſt not ſtand on things ſo nicely,
But for our Intereſt act things wiſely;
Unleſs we take that *Rubrick* in,
We cannot pleaſe the *Puritan*,
And *once* provoke thoſe Presbyters,
They'll fly again about our Ears;
For they're a waſpiſh ſort of Cattle,
That will for Trifles move to Battle.
His Talk Old *Juxton* ſtill had held-on,
Had he not thus been ſtopt by *Sheldon*.

My

My Lord, I never, while I live,
To this the leaſt Conſent can give:
I'll never proſtitute my Faith
For fear of *Puritanick* Wrath;
'Twill ſtain th' Eccleſiaſtick State,
That we our ſelves, who but ſo late
For Real Preſence, and for Altar,
Were in fair way to ſtretch an Halter,
And baniſh'd from our Dioceſſes,
Should own a *Rubrick*, ſuch as this is,
That has no Preſence in't at all,
Nor Real, or Eſſential.
Whereas we all believe (ye know)
Chriſt preſent, tho' we know not how.
At this the Blood of Biſhop *Juxton*
Began to boil like (*a*) *Anne o' Buxton*;
He rowls his little Eyes about,
And thus in Words his Thoughts broke out.
Think you, Sirs, I am ſuch a Buzzard
As t' loſe my Biſhoprick, and hazard
The want of Wine, fat Beef and Bread,
If not the cutting off my Head,
Or being truſs'd upon the Gallows,
By vexing of thoſe fiery Fellows?
You know how they have bang'd our Coats,
And cut whole Thouſands of our Throats;
Beſides Beheading of our King,
And all about this very thing;
Is't fitting then that we provoke 'em?
No! Rather cheriſh 'em and ſtroke 'em.
Beſides the King, tho' dear he buy it,
Will ſtick at nought to purchaſe Quiet.
'Tis not a (*b*) *Rubrick* we muſt ſtand-on.
Well, ſince our Faith we muſt abandon, 'Tis

(*a*) A hot Bath not far from the *Peak* in *Derbyſhire*.

(*b*) See K. *Edward*'s Rubrick at large in Canto 2. p. 78; a Part of which I ſhall put down here.

We

'Tis good to uſe a little Cunning,
And do it prudently, ſays *Gunning.*
Where *Real* and *Eſſential* ſtand,
We'll put the Word *Corporeal*, and
Blot out the other Two; by this
The Change, perhaps, may be the leſs;
For pious Chaplains, that have preach'd
To the late King, from Scriptures ſtretch'd,
Have taught Chriſt's Body truly there,
Yet at the ſame time did declare
That Bodily he muſt not be,
Where yet his Body's *Really*;
So we may ſet our *Rubrick* off
Againſt *Corporeal* well enough;
Yet in our own Minds we may all
Hold *Real* and *Eſſential.*

No ſooner ſaid, but all in this,
For ought we ken, did acquieſce:
For, alter'd thus, that *Rubrick* took
It's Stand in the Communion Book.
It ſeems thoſe Metaphyſick Noddies,
'Twixt *Real* and *Eſſential* Bodies
And Bodies that *Corporeal* are,
Could tell the Difference to an Hair,
Like *Hudibras*, who could divide
T' a Hair 'tween South and South-weſt-ſide.

Some other little Changes were
Beſides made in the Common-Prayer,
But ſcarcely worth the noting down,
Setting aſide this needleſs one

To

We do declare, that it is not meant thereby (*by* Kneeling) *that any Adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the Sacramental Bread and Wine there Bodily received, or unto any Real or Eſſential Preſence there being of Chriſt's Natural Fleſh and Blood.* Thus K. *Edward's Rubrick*, but K. *Charles*'s Biſhops have changed the Words *Real and Eſſential Preſence* into *Corporeal Preſence.*

To wit, their Litany's defect
They, like great Sages, now correct,
And (c) *Schism* and *Rebellion* add,
Words which before it never had,
Judging that this Petition there,
For Folk to beg in Common-Prayer,
Would keep them in Obedience
To Church and State, to Prieſt and Prince;
But what Effect *this* had one might
See, who liv'd ſince in Eighty-Eight.

True Proteſtancy in it's Nature
Compos'd is of no other Matter
Than Schiſm, Hereſy and Treaſon,
Rebellion too, on all Occaſion.

The Common Prayer was ſcarcely done,
When farther *Buſineſs* come on?
And it was this. Grave *Biſhop* (d) *Hacket*
Pulls a ſmall Book out of his Pocket;
Come *Spick and Span New* from the Preſs,
Againſt their *Ordination* 'twas,
Proving the *Forms* thereof *invalid*
By Arguments ſo ſtrong and ſolid,
That they were deem'd unanſwerable
By all about the thoughtful Table.
It's Title was *Eraſtus Senior*;
Reach me the Book, ſays *Biſhop* (e) *Skimer*,
I'll read aloud, that all may know
What's in't; ſays (f) *Juxton*, prithee do.
When over 'twas diſtinctly read,
To deep Conſult went ev'ry Head,
Both in the high and lower Hutt,
For *Form's* Defence, but found it not.

Juxton

(c) From Rebellion, Hereſie, and Schiſm, *Good Lord deliver us.*

A vain and needleſs Petition, and Hypocritically added, becauſe the very *Eſſence* of all Proteſtancy is Schiſm, Rebellion and Hereſie.

(d) *Biſhop* of *Coventry* and *Litchfield.*

Juxton, who Matters duly weigh'd,
Utter'd his Voice, and thus he ſaid;
I gather, by my Skill in Reading,
That Reformation's firſt proceeding
Was grave, and went on by ſlow Steps,
And jumpt not to the Top by Leaps:
Firſt, *Harry* th' Eight the Pope deny'd,
Yet did with no Reformer ſide,
But under young King *Ned*, his Son,
The *Zuinglian* Goſpellers begun,
Who in a five or ſix Years Work
Built up a ſort of (*g*) *Zuinglian* Kirk,
Theſe held the Pope for *Antichriſt*,
The Biſhops for the *Horns* o'th' *Beaſt*
And Prieſts for leſſer Limbs at leaſt;
Diſowning all the Character,
That Conſecration could confer;
Therefore both Forms (*h*) aboliſhed,
That Biſhops might no more be made,
Nor Prieſts, and then *deviſed* two
Unuſeful *Forms*, that we have now;
Which Forms were not for *Conſecration*
Of Biſhops, nor for *Ordination*
Of Prieſts deſign'd, nor is the Name
Of Prieſt or Biſhop in the ſame,
(As I have often ſaid before,
You'll think on't better th' oftner o'er)
Which plainly ſhews *Ned*'s Church ne'er meant
To have a Prieſt or Biſhop in't.
The End for which thoſe Forms were made,
Was only that it might be ſaid,

This

(*e*) Biſhop of *Oxford*, expell'd.
(*f*) Biſhop of *Canterbury*, expell'd from *London*.
(*g*) The Character of King *Edward's Zuinglian* Church.
(*h*) Their Aboliſhing the Ancient Catholick Ordinal of *Conſecrating* and *Ordaining* Biſhops and Prieſts, and *Deviſing* new Forms for *Electing* of them.

This is the Man that's pitcht upon
For Elder, by Election;
And was deputed to that Honour
In ſolemn-wiſe and formal manner;
Thus, if a *Lay-man* was but choſen
By's Fellow *Lay-men* half a Dozen;
Such Choice was held for good Vocation,
Without a farther Ordination,
And qualify'd him to be ſent
To preach and give the (*i*) Sacrament,
With Power enough to labour hard
In the *New Vineyard* of the Lord:
Thus they held on all *Mary*'s Reign,
At *Frankfort* choſe, and choſe again,
And the Elected held the Chair
Of Presbyter but for his Year,
Then to another gave it o'er,
And turn'd a *Lay-man* as before.
But afterwards, when *Beſs* the Queen
Came to the Eighth Year of her Reign,
She had a Mind to have them bear
The Prieſts and Biſhops Character,
And ſo had they: To this Intent
They humbly ſue the Parliament
To make them Biſhops, and by Act
Confer the Character they lackt.
The Parliament grants their Petition,
And, by a Statute, gives 'em Miſſion,
Enacts 'em to be Prieſts and Biſhops;
And that the *Forms*, us'd by their Worſhips,
Were good enough for Ordination
Of Prieſts, and Biſhops Conſecration,
And that ſuch as, in time to come,
Should be Ordain'd by either *Form*,
For Prieſts and Biſhops ſhould be taken,
To be as good as *Rome* could make 'em.

(*i*) See the 23d of the 39 Articles, and the *Biſhop of* Sarum's *Expoſition on it.*

Now to consider let us go,
If they be valid, Ay, or No.
At this to work went ev'ry Head;
Erastus o'er again was read,
And all the Arguments were brought on,
For, and against, that could be thought on;
Till by and by speaks (*k*) *Ironside*,
The thing must thorowly be try'd,
For 'tis of great Concern and weighty,
The Enemy's expert and mighty,
And therefore must have no occasion
To say we argue without Reason.
I grant, at first, the *Forms* were made
Only for *Choosing*, as is said,
And that they neither can confer
The Priests, or Bishops Character:
Perhaps to this some may object,
The Queen supply'd this sad Defect,
So did the Parliament, by Act.
To this I answer, that's a Dream,
Which from the *Ivory Postern* came;
To think States Temp'ral can by Act
Supply a Spiritual Defect.
That Act is Null, as if it was not;
For *who can give the Thing he has not?*
'Tis certain, not one Word of Christ's
Impower'd Lay-States to make Priests;
Besides the Forms being really Null,
To speak 'em good's a monstrous Bull,
Or, what is worse, a Contradiction;
(*This Age cannot be gull'd by Fiction.*)
The Arguments of this *Erastus*,
Should we pretend to solve, would last us
Till Thread of Life grew out of Nock,
Yet leave unanswered the Book.
Besides, this Book's so publick now,
That maugre all that we can do,

The

(*k*) Bishop of *Bristol*.

The World will ſee our ſad Defect,
And hold us but for bare Elect;
And here he ſtopt. Quoth Biſhop (*l*) *Sheldon*,
I judge it would be very well-done
To leave thoſe *Forms*, and make us *new Ones*,
Such as the World muſt own for true Ones;
And then by theſe *Ordain* hereafter;
At this (*m*) *Stern* burſt into a Laughter.
Admit we make *new Forms*, ſays he,
Pray what ſhall we the better be,
Unleſs we able were to uſe 'em?
All we can do is to abuſe 'em,
Becauſe we are no *Biſhops*, nor
So much as *Prieſts*; therefore give o'er,
And never let me hear of this
Huſht! Huſht! Says *Juxton*, hold your Peace,
Think you the People will examine
Whether we Biſhops are, or *Lay-men*,
Provided that our ſelves we bear
As if we had the *Character*?
What's this, quoth *Stern*, and ſpake in Heat,
But at the beſt a pious Cheat?
I ſay, let's ne'er pretend to grant
To others what our ſelves do want;
It is more honeſty, by far,
To tell Folk plainly what we are.
Quoth (*n*) *Frewin*, ſuch Advice as this-is
Will hazard all our Benefices,
And turn us out of Dioceſes.
Can we ſuppoſe Folk will allow us
Such Revenues, when once they know us
To be but Lay men, like themſelves?
'Twill ſplit our very Church on Shelves;
For where no Biſhops can be found,
There can be no Church. This is own'd;

(*l*) Biſhop of *London* till 1663, then of *Canterbury*.
(*m*) Biſhop of *Carliſle*.
(*n*) Biſhop of *York*.

'Tis therefore fit we have regard
Unto our Dignity ſays (o) *Ward*
And keep the Name of Biſhop up,
Or elſe we're mad, ſays (p) *Bryan Dupp.*
What ſignifies, quoth *Stern*, a Name;
Where no juſt Right is to the ſame?
'Tis but aſſuming that among us,
Which in plain Terms doth not belong t'us.
Since People have ſo many Years
Call'd us Eccleſiaſtick *Peers*;
Few but will think it is our Due,
Let us be ſilent then, quoth *Frew*,
'Twere Madneſs, certainly if ever
We ſhould our Nakedneſs diſcover.
Let's meddle then with neither *Form*,
The changing of 'em muſt do harm,
And give Men Cauſe to think 'em null.
That's true, quoth (q) *Griffith*, ſo it will;
For changing them in any Faſhion
Will be their *tacit* Condemnation.
For if (they'll ſay) they were before
Sufficient *Forms*, what need we more?
But if we change 'em, then they'll ſwear
They're good for nought, nor ever were.
Brothers quoth *Juxton*, in a Huff,
You talk, but think not far enough.
'Tis this *Eraſtus* ſpoils their Credit;
I curſe the Author when I read it.
If it had never been ſet out,
Of changing them I'd never thought,
But, for the Reaſons that you ſhew,
Shou'd let 'em ſtand as now they do.
But he ſo teazes us about 'em,
That we had better be without 'em,
Than always be thus ſadly pelted.
The Day is hot, I'm almoſt melted;

Come

(o) Biſhop of *Exeter* in 1661.
(p) *Duppa*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*
(q) Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*.

Come let us to the *Tavern* go,
And take a Glaſs of Wine or two;
It is too hard for us to think,
And talk ſo long without a Drink;
'Twill whet our Wits, and make us ſprightly,
As Men ſhould be that ſcan things rightly;
Indulging ſometimes with a *Can*
The *Outward*, helps the *Inward-Man*,
And by the Graveſt may be done,
Provided there's no Looker-on.
We'll be alone, none ſhall come nigh us,
Unleſs my *Landlady* be by us;
And ſhe's a merry harmleſs Woman,
Do what you will, ſhe'll tell of no Man.
This pleas'd 'em all, and out they ſally
To rinſe with Sack their Brains from Folly,
And waſh their Milts from Melancholly.
Scarce thrice the Glaſs it's Round had ran,
When *Juxton* thus again began;
For long Debates time will not laſt us;
In ſhort, who'll grapple with *Eraſtus*?
What ſay you to it, Brother (*r*) *Coſin*?
Not I, my Lord, I'm ſure a Dozen
O'th' learn'dſt Biſhops in the Land
Dare never take this Task in Hand.
I'm o' your Mind, I do proteſt,
Quoth *Sheldon*; this o'er-ſway'd the reſt.
Well then, quoth *Juxton*, there's no way,
But make *new Forms*. *Amen*, ſay they;
And now, good Brothers, let us ſee
How't muſt be done! They all agree,
That at ſuch time as Hands are laid
Upon th' Elected Party's Head,
Such Words be us'd, as can confer
On Prieſts the *Prieſtly Character*;
And Words that can make Biſhops, right-as
St. *Paul* did *Timothy* and *Titus*.

(*r*) Biſhop of *Durham*.

Concluding thus they go away
To Convocation-Houſe, and pray,
Where for a while they ſilent ſit,
And on the Matter meditate,
Till they perceiv'd ſufficient Light
For wording their *New Forms* aright.
Then call a *Notary*, who ſoon,
As they did dictate, wrote them down
Juſt as they ſtand below, pray read,
And theſe compare with thoſe of *Ned.* Now,

The reſt of the Biſhops were, *Roberts* of *Bangor*, expell'd before in 42. *Piercie* of *Bath* and *Wells*, expell'd. *King* of *Chicheſter*. *Lucy* of *St. Davids*. *Wren* of *Ely*, expell'd. *Nicholſon* of *Glouceſter*. *Monk* of *Hereford*. *Morgan Owen* of *Landaff*, expell'd. *Sanderſon* of *Lincoln*. *Reynolds* of *Norwich*. *Ben. Lany* of *Peterborough*. *Warner* of *Rocheſter*. *Henchman* of *Salisbury*. *Morley* of *Worceſter*. *Walton* of *Cheſter*. *Barrow* of the *Iſle of Man*.

The Form of Ordaining Prieſts made by K. Charles *the Second's Biſhops after his Reſtauration.* Anno 1662.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt *for the Office and Work of a Prieſt in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the Impoſition of our Hands.* Whoſe Sins thou doſt forgive, they are forgiven; and whoſe Sins thou doſt retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful Diſpenſer of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments; In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. *Amen.*

The Form of Ordaining Prieſts deviſed (*by ſix Clergy-men, and ſix Lay-men, or the Major part of them*) in the Reign of K. *Edward* the Sixth.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe Sins thou doſt forgive, they are forgiven; and whoſe Sins thou doſt retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful Diſpenſer of the Word of God, and of his Holy Sacraments, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt. Amen.

The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops, made in the Year 1662. by thoſe above-named.

Receive the Holy Ghoſt *for the Office and Work of a Biſhop in the Church of God committed unto thee by the Impoſition of our Hands; in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.* And remember that thou ſtir up the Grace of God which is given thee by this Impoſition of our Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear, but of Power, and Love, and Soberneſs.

The Form of Conſecrating Biſhops, deviſed under King *Edward* the Sixth (*by perhaps ſix Lay-men, and one Clergy man.*)

Take the Holy Ghoſt; and remember thou ſtir up the Grace of God, which is in thee, by the Impoſition of Hands: For God hath not given us the Spirit of Fear; but of Power, and Love, and Soberneſs.

Now, Reader, I muſt let you know,
Theſe *Forms* deviſ'd in Sixty Two.
Were never *authorized* yet
By *Article* or *Canon*. But,
To *Ned's Forms*, the Ordain'd till *now*
Are bound to Swear. and Swear they do,
If by (ſ) *Subſcription*, and *Aſſent*
Ex animo, an Oath be meant.
Yet what they ſwear to, they refuſe;
And *Forms* not ſworn to now they uſe.
Here's Perjury upon Record,
At Entering th' Vineyard of the Lord.
Charles (as is ſaid) reſtor'd again,
Things bode a long and peaceful Reign;
'Twas undiſturb'd for many Years,
Till *Jealouſies* began, and *Fears*,

Two-

(ſ) They Subſcribe and Swear to the Old, but are Ordain'd by the New. See *Canon* 36, and *Art.* 36.

Two ugly *Scarecrows*, hatch'd of late
By *Knaves* to fright the *Fools* of State.
On Wings of Malice, for a while,
Theſe flutter'd up and down the Iſle,
But were by *Cæſar* little dreaded,
He lay at Eaſe, and nothing heeded,
Till all his People into Fits
Began to fall, and loſe their Wits,
For fear ſome griſly o'er grown Gyant,
Or *Gallick* King, a Monſter nigh-hand,
Should ſuddenly drink up the Sea,
Aud joyn the Land to *Picardy*,
And drive 'em from their Tenements,
And (*t*) Abbey-Lands, and Churches Rents,
And bring 'em back again to *Rome*,
(*They go to Hell 'ere there they'll come.*)
At that time 'twas the Kingdom's Fate
To have a Miniſter of State
That hated mortally Great *Ceſar*,
And *James* the *Duke* beyond all Meaſure,
Hated the *Queen* and her Religion,
And all the Papiſts in the Region.
In ſhort, he bent his Malice at
The *Monarchy* of Church and State:
He was a little dapper Fellow,
And had a Hole bor'd in his Belly,
In which he wore a Silver Tap,
To let out his Hydropick Sap;
Deep was his Head. profound his Wit,
No Man alive could Fathom it,
Till *Charles* himſelf (almoſt too late)
Out-reach'd this Monſter of the State.
In Turns of State he was an Ape,
Could take upon him every Shape;
A Loyaliſt till Forty-One,
And then an other Face put n,

Be-

(*t*) See the Impoſſibility of this in Dr. *Johnſton's Book of Abbey-Lands.*

Became a Canting Presbyterian,
And then a *Long-Parliamenterian*,
And after that an *Oliverian*;
And often, for his Maſter's Eaſe,
Would climb, and ſeek the Lord in Trees.
Nor wou'd the Seeker leap to ground
Till *Noll* perceiv'd the Lord was found.
This Man, as ſoon as *Charles* came in,
Became a Loyaliſt again;
And by the King was made a Lord,
And placed at the Council Board;
In ev'ry Turn of State he met,
The Cat fell always on his Feet.
But why the King exalted this
Arch-Traytor, is not hard to gueſs;
He had a Mind to have well try'd
That Maxim taught by Gaffer (*u*) *Hyde*,
To wit, *To call to ſit at Helm*
The greateſt Rebels in the Realm:
For by this Means, your Foes you bring
To be good Subjects to the King.
Your Friends will always be your Friends,
So will your Foes, for their own Ends.
Thoſe Rebels therefore, Sir, prefer,
And for your Friends, you not care.
This Council, villanous and baſe,
To the ungrateful King's Diſgrace,
Chaſed from Court all honeſt Men,
And into Rule put Rogues in Grain.

Thoſe

(*u*) I know the Publiſhers of *Clarendon*'s Hiſtory endeavour to free him from this Imputation, but in vain; For, alas, the King's Friends knew too well the Truth, and too wofully experienced the Effects of that direful Council, ever to have it cancell'd out of their Memories by a bare Denial: And this Denial not from the Lord himſelf, but from Strangers that ſpeak without Book.

Thoſe Villains, he ſo fondly made of,
Strove at the laſt to cut his Head off.
This (x) *Shaftsbury*, for ſo he's hight
Since *Charles* to Earl exalted Knight,
Obſerving well how Matters went,
The Nation's Fears, and Diſcontent,
Their Jealouſies, and ſad Diſtraction,
By him fomented, and his Faction,
A Crew of hot-brain'd buſie Whigs,
As ever ſung *Geneva* Jiggs,
Improves th' Occaſion, as was fitting,
And ſets his reſtleſs Head a Plotting
How the three Kingdoms might be rent
From *Charles*'s drowſie Government.
How *James* the Duke to undermine,
And ſo cut off the Royal Line,
And drive out of the *Britiſh* Region
The Holy Catholick Religion.
He long revolv'd this in his Mind,
Rackt his ſtrong Wit, but could not find
In all the Labyrinths of Thought
What way i'th' World to bring 't about.
From Hiſtory he culls the Notes
Of *Cecil*'s, and of other Plots
That cunning Politicians mention,
To help thereby his own Invention;
Yet ſhort came all his Human Skill;
Such Plots as theſe are hatch'd in Hell.
In this Diſorder, to his Bed
He goes, to reſt his troubl'd Head,
Fitly diſpos'd, by ſuch Diſtraction.
For ſome Infernal Power's Enaction,
He dreams; and waking out of Dreaming,
In diſmal manner falls a Screaming;
What *Spectre*'s this that thus awakes me?
Oh ſtrange Effect of Fear! How't ſhakes me?
I muſt

(x) Sir *Anthony Aſhley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

I muſt confeſs, with Fumes 'ere now,
That from the Hypocondria flew
Up to the Brain in ugly Shapes
Of Serpents, Dragons, Devils, Apes,
I have been often in Diſtreſs;
But ne'er had ſuch a Dream as this.
Methought the Kingdom's *Cacodemon*,
Horrid, Deform'd, Blind, and a Lame-one,
Hell ne'er ſent out a worſe ſhap'd Devil
To tempt a Nation to all Evil,
Stood up, with threatning Look, before me,
As if in Pieces 'twould have tore me.
From the Grand-Seignior of Hell
I come, (ſays he) Tony, *to tell*
Thee, that our Empire will aſſiſt
Thy Undertakings. Do thy beſt.
Then lifting up it's Claw-ſhap'd Hand
In threatning manner, gave Command
That *I* and *Monmouth* (*Charles*'s Son)
And other *Chiefs* ſhould join in one,
To kill the King, the Duke, the Queen,
The Popiſh Lords and Gentlemen,
And then to give a ſtrict Command
To all the Rabble in the Land
To ſpare no Age, Sex, or Degree,
But quite extirpate Popery.
This ſaid, it cloſer on me preſt,
And ſpread a Claw upon my Breaſt,
And in it's other held a Bar
Of glowing Steel, three Inches ſquare,
Threatning me with ten thouſand Stripes,
And then to rive out all my Tripes,
If I obey'd not, out of Hand,
With all my Power it's dire Command,
In this Condition, you may gueſs,
'Twas not my beſt to promiſe leſs,
I therefore *plighted him my Troth*,
And he, on his Part, gave his Oath

To

To help us in the Undertaking.
While theſe Conditions were a making,
Flaſh'd round a Flame of ſulph'rous Blue,
In which away the Devil flew.
But why relate I this, when none
Is by? *Oat.* Miſtake not, here is one.
Shaft. Who in the Devil's Name art thou?
And how got hither, tell me how?
Oat. The Name is *Titus Oates* I bear,
And Church of *England*'s Miniſter.
Shaft. Well, be it ſo; but by what Spell
Art thou dropt here i' th' Name of Hell?
The Doors are faſt; How got you thro'?
Tell me, in Name of Wonder, how?
And what's your Buſineſs, let me know?
Oat. My Lord, from *Fox-Hall* I am brought,
By ſomething ſwift, as any thought,
Which mounting me upon it's Back,
Like *Mahomet* on *Elborack*,
Thro' yielding Air we flew in haſte,
And down the ſooty Chimney paſt,
And hither, lo, my Lord I come
On great Deſign 'gainſt Church of *Rome*.
Shaft. I'm glad of that; tell me your Meaning,
And all without Reſerve or Feigning.
Oat. My (y) Father was a needy Fellow
Wrought on his Loom to feed his Belly,
Save now and then he got a Teſter
For Dipping of ſome holy Siſter;
But all his Life was kept ſo bare,
When I grew up, he'd nought to ſpare.
This made me ſet my Wits a Plodding,
How to get Beef, and Bread, and Pudding;
And being hopeful, 'twas not long
'Ere I was call'd by Doctor *Tong*,

Juſt

(y) *Oates*'s Father was a Ribbon-Weaver, and a Dipper.

Juſt at the Time that he was Reading
Andrew Habernfield's Proceeding,
A feigned Plot, and charg'd upon
The *Jeſuits*, in Forty-One.
Quoth he, dear *Oates*, I ſee thou'rt poor,
Ready to beg from Door to Door;
But I'll relieve thy preſent Want,
If thou canſt Swear, and Lye, and Cant.
I can, ſaid I, for you muſt know,
My Dad from Cradle taught me how.
Quoth he, I'll try thee with a Trick,
Go feign thy ſelf a Catholick,
And outwardly the Look upon
Of a Devout and Godly Man:
Then to the *Jeſuits* apply
Thy ſelf, and beg moſt earneſtly,
That to St. *Omers* they will ſend thee,
When thou art entertain'd, apply
Thy ſelf to play the ſubtle *Spy*,
Take Notes of ev'ry thing you ſee,
Then back again return to me.
A Word's enough; I know your meaning,
Say I, ſo ſend me out a Gleaning,
I'll catch what 'ere they do, or ſay,
Their very Thoughts I'll ſteal away.
Reſolved thus to Cant, and Lye,
And play the Saint away went I.
O'er to (z) St. *Omers* firſt I went,
Thence to *Valladolid* was ſent,
Where I remain'd not long, before
That College kick'd me out of Door,

(z) The *Rector* of *Watton*, in his *Atteſtation of* Oates *his Behaviour at St.* Omers, ſays, that *Oates* was unknown to them till the Year 1677, and then he was received as a mere *Neophit* without any Language *&c.* wherefore they ſent him to *Valladolid*; he was turn'd away from thence after about four Months

For my bad Manners, I confeſs,
And one that had no Sign of Grace.
To *England* I return from *Spain*,
Tong ſends me over-Sea again;
B'ing for my Negligence well chided,
For coming back ſo ill-provided
Of Obſervations, and good Notes,
From which to frame deſigned Plots.
I act, in outward Shew, the Saint,
And by my Hypocritick Cant
Prevail ſo far, they take me in,
And with my Studies I begin:
But, Study and a good Behaviour,
With my ill Nature ſuited never;
For preſently I fell to ſwearing,
Lewd beaſtly Tricks, and Domineering,
To Lying, Cheating, Cuffing, nay
To twenty ill Turns every Day:
So that, 'ere I was ſeated well,
The College drove me from my Cell,
For a profane lewd Rogue, and lazy,
And never, but in Miſchief, eaſy.
Thus ſlighted by the *Jeſuits*,
Who are a Sort of piercing Wits,
That are not long deceiv'd by Cheats;
My boyling Blood to Choler chang'd,
And I reſolv'd to be reveng'd.
But how to wreck my Malice on 'em,
And bring Deſtruction down upon 'em,
Ev'n for my Life I could not tell,
Without th' infernal Help of Hell. I took

Months Stay; yet by his Importunity and Promiſes of Amendment he got Admittance into the Seminary of St. *Omers*; where he was put to Study, &c. Some ſuſpected him to be a Spy, ſent by ſome Enemy to Religion: They were reſolv'd to diſmiſs him, being neither a good Chriſtian to God nor a good Subject to the King.

See alſo *L'Eſtrange's* Hiſt. of the Times.

I took therefore a Reſolution
To pawn my Soul, for their Confuſion;
And ſo addreſs'd my ſelf, by Prayer,
To *Belzebub* and *Lucifer*.
When lo! at laſt came in an hobling
Monſtrous ill ſhaped ugly Goblin,
Horrid, and dreadful to behold.
Tho' nat'rally I'm very bold,
Yet at the firſt Appearance on't,
A Trembling ſeized every Joint.
Gaſping a while, like one half dead,
I took my Bible up and read,
Till gath'ring Courage, thus I ſpake
(As I do now, my natural Squeak)
In Name of Satan, what art thou?
One ſent from *Lucifer* below,
Says he, and lo! I bring Directions
To thee, O *Titus*, and Inſtructions
To Doctor *Tong* at *Foxes-Hall*;
Go ſtreight to him, he'll teach you all:
Only I charge both *thee* and *Tong*,
Be rul'd by *Cooper* all along;
Swear all that he'll put in thy Mouth,
Whether it be, or be not, Truth,
As ſoon as ever it is Day,
Call up a Sculler and away.
He ſaid, and vaniſh'd to thin Air,
And I by Break of Day was there,
Where knocking, Doctor *Tong* came down,
Roll'd in his Rug for Morning-Gown,
And kindly led me in by th' Hand:
My Friend, ſays he, I underſtand
By that ſame active plotting Sprite
That ſpake to you but Yeſter-night,
How to revenge us, out of hand,
Of all the *Jeſuits* in the Land.
Nay, if you'll be advis'd by me,
And impudently ſwear and lie,
We'll clear the Land of Popery.

Swear! yes, said I, you need not doubt it;
Let's therefore briskly go about it.
We muſt, ſays he, a Plot invent,
I've *Halernfield's* for Preſident,
So 'tis not difficult to do,
Only ſome Notes I want to know,
The Names, i' th' firſt place write me down
Of all the *Jeſuits* you have known,
Either in *Flanders*, *Spain*, or here,
What Office, and what Place they bear,
And tell with *whom* they live, and *where*,
And what Tranſactions you have ſeen
'Mong that Society of Men.
To thoſe, ſome Noble Men put down,
The noted'ſt Papiſts in the Town,
The richeſt and of greateſt Fame
Thro' all the Nation, let us name;
All which into our Plot we'll bring,
Conſpiring to deſtroy the King,
And ſet the Duke upon the Throne,
And pull the Church of *England* down.
We'll make 'em hold Intelligence
With the great Potentate of *France*,
By whom an Army ſhall be ſent
To overturn the Government;
All which, when vouched upon Oath,
The Parliament will take for Troth,
And loudly will proclaim our Merit,
And doubtleſs will reward us for it.
Beſides, the (*a*) *Wiſdom of the Nation*
Will be right glad on this Occaſion,
Under Pretence of which to work,
T' exclude the Popiſh *Duke of York*;

The

(*a*) The Parliament, at this Time, greatly affected the Title of *The Wiſdom of the Nation*; and dignify'd *Oates* with the Sir-name of *The Saviour of the Nation*.

The People too will all believe it,
We will ſo dext'rouſly contrive it.
When thus our Plot is made compleat,
Swear it before a Magiſtrate,
Swear you, your ſelf deeply to be one
Engag'd in this Conjuration,
So came acquainted with the Feats
Of Popiſh Lords and *Jeſuits*.
When thus we once have made the Breach,
We'll find enough who will Impeach
Well, well, ſaid I, do you prepare
The Plot; Let me alone to Swear.
At this we took an hearty Drink,
And then to work with Pen and Ink,
To frame a *Narrative* we haſte,
Tong dictated, I wrote as faſt,
Which finiſhed, I made no Stay,
But, mounting Waſt-horſe, ſprang away,
As ſwift as Witches when they ride
On greaſed Cowl-ſtaff's Back aſtride.
That what I ſay you may believe,
Read this. *Sh.* What is't? *Oat.* My *Narrative.*
Shaft. I'm ſatisfy'd from what you ſay,
That Hell has put us in a Way
To manage what you go about;
For my part, I ſhall help you out;
For when it's brought before the King,
See how I'll handle every Thing.
There's Evidence enough to hire,
To back you out in what you ſwear,
But let me charge you, maugre Grace,
To Steel your Conſcience hard as Glaſs,
That falſe Oaths make therein no Dint,
More than your Fingers can in Flint.
Oat. Doubt not, my Lord, I have a Conſcience
Can ſwear to Contraries, and Nonſence.
No Lie ſo great, but from my Mouth
Shall paſs, by Oath, for ſolid Truth.
Shaft. Upon my Soul, a bleſſed Youth!

'This is, you ſay, your *Narrative*,
'That *you* and *Tong* did late contrive.
Oat. Yes 'tis, my Lord, a rough drawn Draught.
Well, well, ſays *Shaftsbury*, and laugh'd;
Sit down, I'll read it o'er, and then
I'll tell what muſt be out or in,
And put it upon ſuch a Foot,
As may make out a currant Plot.
It was not long 'ere he had done;
Haſte back, ſays he, to Doctor *Tong*;
Let not a Minute be neglected,
But juſt as I have this corrected,
Bid him methodically draw
A *Narrative*, without a Flaw,
Which you muſt get by Heart, d'ye hear?
That you to every Thing may ſwear.
Oat. I ſhall my Lord, it's Time to go,
The Devil's come to fetch me now.
Shaf. I do not ſee him. *Oat.* Look, he's here.
Shaf. What makes you pale? *Oat.* A ſort of Fear,
That damned Villains do inherit
At the Appearance of a Spirit.
At this a Voice was heard, and ſhrill,
Haſte, *Oates*, The Morning-Air I ſmell;
Come, Mount: For lo, methinks I ſpy
On Eaſtern Hills a paler Sky,
And Shades that dwell in gloomy Night
Cannot endure the Rays of Light.
Come, quickly come, the Day does break.
Oat. D'ye hear, my Lord, the Goblin ſpeak?
Shaf. Yes, fare-ye well, be not afraid.
Oat. I go. And ſo he diſappear'd.
Mounted upon the Back of Air,
To *Tong*, at *Fox-hall*, does repair;
Where *Tony*'s Notes upon the Plot
They into proper Method put.
The *Narrative*, thus made compleat,
Oates ſwore it 'fore a Magiſtrate,

Whoſe

Whoſe Name (if at full length it paſs)
Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* 'twas.
Before this Juſtice, *Tong* and *Oates*
Thus made Diſcovery of their Plots.
A *Bible's* tender'd, for ye know,
Things muſt be done in Form of Law.
On *Prophets* and *Evangeliſts*
Oates lays his Sacrilegious Fiſts,
Changes the Colour of his Face
To ghaſtly Black (ill Sign of Grace)
Gnaſhes his Teeth; foams like a Boar,
And chill'd with trembling Horror, ſwore.
For yet remain'd in Humane Nature
A certain Horror at the Matter.
But maugre Nature, and what can
Be thought left in him yet of Man,
Malice prevail'd; The Monſter ſwore
Such Lies as ne'er were heard before.
Which the amazed Juſtice hearing,
And the ſtrange manner of his Swearing,
Believ'd that from the Villain's Mouth
Came not one Syllable of Truth,
And therefore fear'd to act in what
He'd heard relating to the Plot.
I'm ſure (thinks he) the Villain lies,
His Oaths are horrid Perjuries;
My Conſcience tells me, if I be
Concern'd, I ſin as well as he.
Sure it is better all Things wave,
And, for his Lying, check the Knave.
But then again, on t'other Hand,
Thoſe of his Sacrilegious Band
Will ſay, my ſlighting of the Thing,
Is Treaſon in me, 'gainſt the King.
Toſt by contrary Thoughts, the Man
Reſolv'd, and un reſolv'd again,
Till tir'd; his undulating Mind
With, and 'gainſt Conſcience inclin'd;

Same-

Sometimes on Side of Juſtice bent,
Then to contrary Side it went;
And here it ſtop'd, by Thoughts that he
Acted, tho' ill, yet *Legally.*
Reſolv'd at laſt, away he goes,
And tells the Council all he knows;
Leaves *Oates's* Depoſitions there,
And home returns; but in Deſpair.
The Atoms that flew from his Spleen
Jumpt into Shapes of murther'd Men,
And wander'd up and down his Brain,
Already ſeeming to complain,
We're by your Plots unjuſtly ſlain;
Fore-boding, as he deem'd, what was
From *Oates's* Plot to come to paſs.
Nor was he eas'd in Sleep, for when
A ſeeming Slumber ſhut his Eyen,
Strange Spectres ſeem'd, to haunt his Dreams,
And ſtartle him with diſmal Screams.
Thus burthen'd with huge Heaps of Thought,
He dragg'd himſelf a while about,
Till, at the laſt, born down with Weight,
Reſolv'd to (*b*) die, and force his Fate,
His Body to a Ditch bequeath'd,
And in his Guts his Sword he ſheath'd.
A Mile from Town, on *Primroſe-Hill,*
It was, where on his Sword he fell;
The *Hilt* his Breaſt preſs'd to the Ground,
The Blade ſeem'd growing thro' the Wound:
And thus for divers Days he lay,
Tho' he was ſought for ev'ry Day;
During which Time roſe a Report,
By *Cooper* ſpread thro' Town and Court,
That by the Papiſts he was ſlain,
Tho' none knew *how*, or *where*, or *when*;
But being found, the wiſer ſort
The Malice ſmelt of this Report. *Cooper*

(*b*) See Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange's Hiſtory of the Times*, Part III. on the Death of Sir *Edm. Bury Godfrey.*

Cooper, who ſaw he could not warrant
It's Truth, to make it paſs for currant,
Without an Oath, or two, or three,
And ev'ry one a whisking Lie,
Fully reſolves to ſpare no coſt,
In bribing wicked Knights o'th' Poſt,
Proclaims, of (*c*) Gold a good round Sum
For any one, that wou'd but come
And let the Council underſtand
How *Godfrey* dy'd, and by what Hand.
One *William Bedloe*, *Captain* hight
From being engag'd by Whores to fight
In Baudy-houſes as their Bully,
To drive away ſome drained Cully,
Soon hears of this, and haſtes to *Tony*,
In hopes, by Swearing to get Money.
Welcome he was, and with old *Cooper*
Was honour'd to ſit down at Supper,
Where Table-talk of Doctor *Oates*
And Things relating to his Plots,
Between 'em paſt, and now and then
Bedloe his own Exploits brought in;
His Duels bragg'd, and Tankard-Wars,
And, to his Credit, ſhew'd his Scars.
Cooper ſcarce pleas'd with his vain Clatter,
Drew on more cloſely to the Matter:
Shaf. Captain, I know that you can fight,
But can you ſwear? We've Things of Weight,
That want an Oath, What ſay-ye, Man?
Bedl. Swear can I? Ay, By G— I can,
Provided that I like my Pay.
Shaf. What will you have? *Bed.* Ten Pounds a Day,
To be continu'd for a Year,
Or longer, if I longer Swear.

Shaf.

(*c*) There was a Proclamation iſſued out, and a Reward of Five hundred Pounds promiſed, and *William Bedloe* was the firſt that leap'd at the Bait. *L'Eſtrange's Hiſtory of the Times.* Part III. p. 95.

Shaf. Oaths, at that rate, are dearly bought.
Bed. D'ye think that I'll be Damn'd for nought?
Shaf. No, here's Five hundred Pounds in Gold
Shall down upon the Nail be told,
For Ten or Twelve great Oaths ſworn ſtoutly.
Bed. Dam'-me, for that I'll ſwear devoutly.
But what's the Matter? Tell me ſoon,
Or elſe the Money firſt lay down;
For, on my Soul, I'm very needy,
Shaf. Thou'ſt heard of *Oates*'s Plot already,
And of Sir Juſtice *Godfrey*'s Death?
Bed. *Godfrey* did nought to me bequeath,
It therefore troubles not my Head
Whether he be alive or dead.
Shaf. But prithee, Captain, leave thy Banter,
And grow more ſerious: Dare you venture
To charge on Papiſts *Godfrey*'s Murther?
Bed. That's nothing; I dare venture further.
Shaf. Well, after this, then join with *Oates*
In Evidencing all his Plots.
But, to Sir *Edmund*'s Death let's hear
How you'll contriv't, and how you'll ſwear.
Bed Th' Invention I'm afraid you'll laugh at,
I'll ſwear they hang'd him in his *Cravat*,
In *Somerſet-Houſe*, one Night when late,
And kept him there five Days in State:
His Lodging was beneath the *Altar*.
At laſt they looſ'd his Muſlin Halter,
And on an Horſe-back ſet aſtride,
To *Primroſe-Hill* they made him ride;
His Feet bound faſt beneath the Belly,
Behind him ſat a ſturdy Fellow,
And on each Side there marched one.
Thus all the Way they propt him on
Till having got him out of Town
A full long Mile, they threw him down,
And thro' his Body thruſt his Sword.
All this I'll Swear: Will't do, my Lord?

D'ye

D'ye think the Matter well contriv'd
To be by th' Council-board believ'd?
Shaf. The Board is temper'd well enough
To take for currant any Stuff;
They ſwallow *'Tis*, and *It is Not*,
So one Side do but own the Plot.
Bed. But when all this is done, I know,
One ſingle Witneſs will not do;
I'm ſure there ſhould, at leaſt, be two,
Shaf. Well, Captain, leave all that to me,
I'll get you Seconds two or three,
Here's *Prance*, the Goldſmith, ſhall be one.
Bed. Poor Caitiff, he's as good as none,
He dare not damn his Soul, I fear.
Shaf. I'll have him *tortur'd* till he Swear;
I'll make old *Richardſon* torment him
In *Newgate*, for I've thither ſent him,
Until he ſwear what Doctor *Lloyd*
Shall teach him, whom I have employ'd
To go, and ſee him ev'ry Day
And tell him what to ſwear and ſay;
And *Richardſon* has promis'd me
To torture him to that degree,
That he ſhall yield to ſwear and Lie,
Or, under Weight of Torments, die.
Thus far, for *Godfrey*'s Death. But what
Further relates to *Oates*'s Plot,
Swear as you find Occaſions offer,
Or as new Circumſtances differ,
Sometimes to *this*, ſometimes to *that*,
For 'tis a daily growing Plot,
In ſhort, attend to my Direction.
Bed. I ſhall: But get me a *Protection*:
For my revealing of the Matter
Muſt alſo prove my ſelf a Plotter;
And it wou'd be a merry Jeſt,
Shou'd I be hang'd in good earneſt.
Shaf. I'll get a Pardon from the King,
Then you may ſwear to any thing.

All

All this was done as they agreed,
And *Bedloe* Swore, and *Tony* Feed.
But now to *Oates*. Before the King
He came, and (*d*) Swore to ev'ry thing
That in his *Narrative* was found,
And ten times more than there is own'd.
He ſwore he ſaw ſtrange Letters writ
By this and t'other *Jeſuit*,
And all about Seditious Things,
As raiſing Armies, murd'ring Kings.
He Swore that *Pick'ring* ſhould, with Gun-ſhot,
Have kill'd the King himſelf at One-Shot;
But juſt as he was taking Aim,
Came *Chance*, a nimble-finger'd Dame,
And, as he did his Tricker pluck,
Whips me his Flint out of the Cock.
He Swore that *Groves* was alſo buſy
A King-fowling with per'lous Fuzee,
Till one Day having in the Park
In a fair Sight the Royal Mark;
Of murd'ring Muſquet, fill'd with Powder,
He claps the Butt-end to his Shoulder,
Shuts his Left Eye, and with his Right,
Like dex'trous Gunner, takes his Sight;
When, juſt as he was taking Aim
In happy time to Memory came,
That yet he had not loaded Gun
With Bullet, as he ſhou'd have done;
The counter-charming *Silver* Bullet
He ſearches for 'tween Lips and Gullet,
(For in his Mouth he'd wiſely hid-it
To have it ready when he needed)
But found it not: For lucky *Chance*,
Which ſtill preſerv'd the Sovereign Prince,
Had, none knows how convey'd it thence.
This Bullet, as Learn'd *Titus* ſaid,
Was of the Lunar-Metal made,
'Cauſe

(*d*) *Oates* his Oaths.

'Cauſe champed Silver kills Stone-dead
Such as are Muſquet-Proof 'gainſt Lead.
He Swore that *Wakeman*, skilful Knight,
From *Night-Shade*, *Hemlock*, *Aconite*,
From Galls of *Dragons*, *Adders*, *Aſps*,
From baneful *Mercury Sublimate*,
And Things, more poiſonous than that,
All mixed with *Lycoctonon*,
And putrify'd in Horſe's Dung,
Drew out a virulent Extraction
The Quinteſſence of Putrefaction,
So mortal, that above a League
It's Smell would poiſon, like the Plague.
This *Katy* was to give the King;
But *Phœbus*, who abhorr'd the Thing,
Having his great Elixir by-him,
Came in the Night, when none could ſpy him.
And, by a Drop infus'd therein,
Turn'd baneful Doſe to Medicin;
Which *Wakeman* knowing, when 'twas Day,
The Bottle brake, and threw't away.
He ſwore that he had private Holes
Under the Ground, like other Moles,
And that he wander'd too and fro
Beneath, as Men above Ground go,
To make Diſcoveries below:
And had in divers Places found
Huge Popiſh Armies under Ground,
Well diſciplin'd, and fit for Work,
As e'er drew Sword againſt the *Turk*.
He ſwore he ſaw, in dead Men's Tombs,
Granadoes, Fire-balls, likewiſe Bombs.
He ſwore, he liv'd, in honeſt Rank,
A Penſioner in *Salamanc*;
By any in the School unſeen,
Yet took Degrees, as if he'd been
As viſible as other Men;
Till he became more a Divine
Than any *Scotus* or *Aquine*.

He told the King, he had the Honour
To entertain *Don-John* at Dinner:
And being asked; What a one
He was? He ſwore *a Tall-black-Man*;
At which the King and Courtiers ſmil'd,
To ſee fond *Titus* thus beguil'd.
He ſwore the Pilgrims of St. *James*
Would ſail from *Spain*, and fill the *Thames*,
Tranſported in their ſcallop Shells,
And Forty thouſand good *black Bills*
Were ready made, that, when they landed,
They might not long ſtand empty-handed,
But each graſp hold of truſty Bill,
And make what haſte he could to kill;
But, that thoſe Bills might not be found,
The Papiſts hid 'em under Ground.
He ſwore he took the *Sacrament*,
Before the *Jeſuits* would conſent
That he ſhould of their Council be,
And ſwore an Oath of Secreſie,
By which means he fiſh'd out their Plots
And dark Intrigues. *Oh*, *Cunning* Oates!
He ſwore the *Jeſuits*, 'ere we mind 'em,
Steal in unſeen, that none can find 'em,
And cut our Throats, and burn our Houſes,
And ſtop our Wind-pipes in cloſe Nooſes,
As Country Farmers ſtrangle Hares,
And hurtful Pole-cats catch in Snares.
He ſwore, with flaming Faggot-ſticks,
In Sixteen hundred Sixty-ſix,
They thorow *London* took their Marches,
And burn'd the City down with Torches:
Yet all inviſible they were,
Clad in thin Coats of *Lapland*-Air.
'That ſniffling Whig-Major, *Patience Ward*
'To this damn'd Lie had ſuch Regard,
'That he his Godly Maſons ſent
'T' ingrave it round the *Monument*.

They

'They did ſo; but let ſuch Things paſs,
'His Men were Fools, and he an Aſs.
I did, ſwears *Oates*, fly once between
St. Omers and the *Strand* unſeen,
And with ſtrong Pinions cut the *Welkin*
As ſwiftly as a *Norway-Falcon*,
Till o'er the *White-Horſe* in the *Strand*
On hov'ring Wing I made my Stand,
And prying o'er the Roof of Houſe,
As Sparrow-Hawk for Titty Mouſe,
I ſpy'd a little Chink between
Two Tiles, that had ill joined been:
At which I clos'd my Wings and fell,
As *Lucifer* did once to *Hell*,
And, darting full butt at the Hole,
Paſs'd thro' the Cranny in the Wall,
And taking thro' the Rooms my Round,
All fill'd with Jeſuits I found;
For there, in deep Conſult, they met
About the managing the Plot.
I minded ev'ry Thing they did,
And went their Errands, when they bid,
For their Debates were ſent by me
From Company to Company.
Tho' thus officious, yet none ſaw me,
Nay not a Man of them did know me,
Nor knew they that themſelves were there,
Nor did they to the *Inn* appear;
And, what is ſtranger yet, not one
Knew at *St. Omers* they were gone,
For there they ſtill their Places bore,
And acted as they did before.
The ſelf-ſame Time my Shape they ſaw
Move at *St. Omers* to and fro,
As I was wont, it ly'd and ſwore,
And cuff'd the Boys, as't did before.
While I was at *Valadolid*,
I was the ſame Time at *Madrid*,

Altho' an hundred Miles aſunder:
At my *Ubiquity* you'll wonder.
I to the Biſhop ſpake of *Tuam*,
Tho', I can ſwear, I never knew him,
Nor ever ſaw that Prelate me,
Yet we convers'd familiarly.
Thus *Titus* ſwore; and *Oates*'s Pay
For Swearing, was Eight Crowns a Day,
Settled on him by *Senate's* Vote,
Paid by th' Exchequer to a Groat;
With daily Preſents ſent him down
From the *Whig* Party of the Town;
No doubt but from the Country too;
All took for Chriſt this perjur'd *Jew*,
And put a Gown upon his Back,
And Doctor's Scarf about his Neck,
To make him ſeem, in Eye of Rabble,
More God-like, and more venerable.
The Party, more to authorize
This Villain's Oaths and wicked Lies,
Entitl'd him, by Declaration,
The Bleſſed *Saviour of the Nation*,
And ev'ry Word of *Oates*'s Mouth
They voted for a *Saving* Truth,
And who the contrary ſuſpected,
Were held for *Popiſhly affected*.
Nor was it *Oates* alone, and *Bedloe*,
That thus they waged; but a Medley
Of Knaves and Fools of ev'ry ſort
Flock'd from all Quarters to the Court,
Where they were liſted into Pay
Of, at the leaſt, two Crowns a Day,
In Name of the *King's Evidence*,
Tho' neither *Truth* they ſpake, nor *Senſe*.
Mowbray, and *Smith*, and *Bollron* ſwore,
Tag-Rag-and-Bobtail, divers more,
As *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield*, and *Prance*,
And Sholes of *Iriſh Evidence*
Follow'd *Mac-Duffe*, alſo *Mac-guire*,
To get Preferment *by the Swear*. *Cooper*

Cooper, who kept the Swearing-Office,
Inſtructed wiſely ev'ry Novice
In what concern'd the Swearing Art,
The blockiſh Teagues were leaſt expert,
Yet he allow'd of all they ſaid,
For all the blund'ring Bulls they made,
And at that Day *Cooper*'s Report
Was Oracle to Town and Court,
So far, that all the groſſeſt Fictions,
Nonſenſe and Bulls and Contradictions,
If countenanc'd by him, paſs'd currant
For *Truths*, as if on Scripture Warrant.
Tho' nought thoſe Villains ſwore was true,
At ev'ry Oath an Halter flew
About ſome harmleſs Neck, nor miſt,
Where e'er 'twas aim'd, the fatal Twiſt.
Five Holy *Jeſuits* drawn and quarter'd,
Viſcount *Stafford* was alſo martyr'd;
Coleman, and *Langhorn*, Reverend *Thwing*,
Groves, *Hill*, and humble *Pickering*,
Fell all within the Reach of String,
Archbiſhop *Plunket* loſt his Head,
And Father *Ireland*'s Blood was ſhed,
Nor ſpar'd they Father *Posket's* Blood,
A Reverend † Prieſt, devout and good,
Whoſe ſpotleſs Life in Length was ſpun.
To Eighty Years and three times One,
Sweet his Behaviour, *grave* his Speech,
He did by good Example teach;
His *Love right bent*, his *Will reſign'd*,
Serene his Look, and *calm* his Mind;
His *Sanctity* to that Degree,
As *Angels* live, ſo lived he.

† His Cell was upon a lingey Moor about two Miles from *Mulgrave-Caſtle*, and five Miles from *Whitby*; an *Exciſe-Man*, in hopes of getting twenty Pounds (which he never did) apprehended him at *Whitby*; he was condemn'd at *York*, where he ſuffer'd, not as a *Plotter*, but only as a *Prieſt*: I knew him well.

Altho' an hundred Miles aſunder:
At my *Ubiquity* you'll wonder.
I to the Biſhop ſpake of *Tuam*,
Tho', I can ſwear, I never knew him,
Nor ever ſaw that Prelate me,
Yet we convers'd familiarly.
Thus *Titus* ſwore; and *Oates*'s Pay
For Swearing, was Eight Crowns a Day,
Settled on him by *Senate's* Vote,
Paid by th' Exchequer to a Groat;
With daily Preſents ſent him down
From the *Whig* Party of the Town;
No doubt but from the Country too;
All took for Chriſt this perjur'd *Jew*,
And put a Gown upon his Back,
And Doctor's Scarf about his Neck,
To make him ſeem, in Eye of Rabble,
More God-like, and more venerable.
The Party, more to authorize
This Villain's Oaths and wicked Lies,
Entitl'd him, by Declaration,
The Bleſſed *Saviour of the Nation*,
And ev'ry Word of *Oates*'s Mouth
They voted for a *Saving* Truth,
And who the contrary ſuſpected,
Were held for *Popiſhly affected*.
Nor was it *Oates* alone, and *Bedloe*,
That thus they waged; but a Medloe
Of Knaves and Fools of ev'ry ſort
Flock'd from all Quarters to the Court,
Where they were liſted into Pay
Of, at the leaſt, two Crowns a Day,
In Name of the *King's Evidence*,
Tho' neither *Truth* they ſpake, nor *Senſe*.
Mowbray, and *Smith*, and *Bollron* ſwore,
Tag-Rag-and-Bobtail, divers more,
As *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield*, and *Prance*,
And Sholes of *Iriſh Evidence*
Follow'd *Mac-Duffe*, alſo *Mac-guire*,
To get Preferment *by the Swear*. *Cooper*

Cooper, who kept the Swearing-Office,
Inſtructed wiſely ev'ry Novice
In what concern'd the Swearing Art,
The blockiſh Teagues were leaſt expert,
Yet he allow'd of all they ſaid,
For all the blund'ring Bulls they made,
And at that Day *Cooper*'s Report
Was Oracle to Town and Court,
So far, that all the groſſeſt Fictions,
Nonſenſe and Bulls and Contradictions,
If countenanc'd by him, paſs'd currant
For *Truths*, as if on Scripture Warrant.
Tho' nought thoſe Villains ſwore was true,
At ev'ry Oath an Halter flew
About ſome harmleſs Neck, nor miſt,
Where e'er 'twas aim'd, the fatal Twiſt.
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A Thatched Cottage was the Cell
Where this Contemplative did dwell;
Two Miles from *Mulgrave Caſtle*'t ſtood,
Shelter'd by Snow-drifts, not by Wood;
Tho' there he liv'd to that great Age,
It was a diſmal *Hermitage*;
But God plac'd there the Saint's Abode
For *Blackamoor*'s far greater Good.

The Holy Lives of thoſe bleſs'd Saints ſhould I
Preſume to write, and had a Thought could fly
Beyond the Limits of the Vaulted Sky,
Yet would my Verſe ten thouſand times fall ſhort
Of their due Praiſe. Let Angels in Conſort
Sing all their Virtues on Celeſtial Lyres,
They are exalted to thoſe peaceful *Quires*:
Stop then, my Pen, and to this Period come,
God ſaw them worthy of a Martyrdom.

Beſides the Blood that thus was ſpill'd,
All Priſons in the Land were fill'd.
Five Noble Lords did long endure
A cloſe Confinement in the Tower:
Powes, and *Arundel*, and *Petres*
And *Bellaſis*, remain'd in Fetters,
And happy *Stafford*, unto whom
God gave the Crown of Martyrdom.

The Mob ran round the Town in Swarms,
Under Pretence to ſearch for Arms;
Headed by ſome *Right-worſhipful*,
That to the Peace bare no good Will:
For Inſtance, one Sir *William Waller*,
A Whig made up of Zeal and Choler,
Would with his Rabble enter Chambers,
And break up Cheſts and Trunks with Hammers,
And what he lik'd devoutly ſtole-ye,
Under Pretence that it was holy,
And bleſs'd for ſuperſtitious Uſes,
I take 'em to prevent Abuſes,
Cants he; and then the *Crucifix*
And *Chalice* from the *Altar* clicks.

They're

They're bleſs'd, ſays he, *for Uſe in Maſſes*,
Be't Bowl, Salt, Tankard, ſtill it paſſes;
Guineas are Medals, or Pope's Heads,
And Necklaces of Pearl are Beads.
This *Waller*, 'mongſt his other Tricks,
Stamp'd underfoot a *Crucifix*,
As *Hollanders* are wont to do,
When on *Japonian* Shore they go,
To ſhew they utterly deteſt
All Chriſtianity and Chriſt.
By this time, thoſe that lov'd the King,
And ſaw the Bottom of the Thing,
Convinc'd him that a Turn of State
Was what falſe *Cooper* aimed at;
And that he ſet the Plot on Foot,
As the beſt Means to bring't about.
Charles ſaw it was no longer fit
To ſeem inſenſible of it,
Begins to ridicule the Plotters,
To ſlight the Plot, and it's Abettors;
Releaſes from the Tower the Lords,
And Papiſts treats with gentle Words.
All Priſon Doors fly open, and
He frees the reſt thro' all the Land,
Diſgrac'd the Plotters, and their Plots,
And kickt out *Shaftesbury* and *Oates*.
Old *Tony*, griev'd to ſee his Coſt
And Fruits of his Invention loſt,
Reſolves that yet another Plot
Should hit, what he had miſs'd in that;
And this was, by th' Help of *Senate*,
To bring about Deſigns he then had;
He and his Whigs move round the Town,
As buſily as Bees in *June*;
And o'er the Nation Letters ſend,
To put in Motion ev'ry Friend,
That hated *Cæſar* and his Laws,
And wiſh'd well to *The Good Old Cauſe*.

Num'rous.

Num'rous they were, and inſolent,
Revil'd the King and Government;
Poiſon'd the Country, and the Town,
And drew Affections from the Crown.
They got a Houſe of Commons packt,
Three Parts in four, o'th' Whiggiſh Sect.
A Parl'ament, much ſuch a one
As that which ſat in Forty-One.
They vote at firſt the Tolerating
Diſſenters, and (*a*) *Aſſociating*
All *Sects* and *Schiſms* in the Land;
This you may gueſs a Loyal Band.
They Vote to have the Martial Bands
And Guards turn'd o'er into their Hands;
That they for One and Forty Days
Might Rule the Nation as they pleaſe.
That wicked Whiggiſh Parliament
Was ſo maliciouſly bent,
To vote, that if the King ſhould die,
Whate'er the Cauſe of it ſhould be,
(Tho' Chance or Sickneſs ſtopt his Breath)
To charge the Papiſts with his Death;
And take from that Pretence occaſion
To murther them thro' all the Nation;
Tho' at the ſame time, thoſe damn'd Elves
Deſign'd to murther him themſelves.
Another Piece of Senate's Work,
Was to exclude the *Duke of York*,
And force his Brother to declare
The Baſtard *Monmouth* for his Heir.

Treaſon

(*a*) They joined in an expreſs League of Aſſociation, to take up Arms againſt the King himſelf, and to lay violent Hands upon the Government; did all they could to ſtop the Command of his Militia, and the Choice of his Officers. *L'Eſtrange's Hiſt.* p. 147, and many other Places.

They

Treaſon they voted it, for any
To *lend* or *help* the King with Money,
Tho' he ſhould ſtand in greater need
Than poor *Jane Shore* did once of Bread,
In hopes, by Starving and Defiance,
To hector him into Compliance,
And make him ſign the Bills they made,
Which when he did, they promis'd Aid,
A *Tax* by Act of Parliament,
That bravely ſhould relieve his Want,
And would pour down their Gold in Showers
For his Relief, and all his Whores,
But if their Bills he would not ſign,
They would not grant one Groat of Coin.
The King diſpleaſed at their Votes,
Which drove at nought but cutting Throats,
Caſt all their *Bills* behind his Back,
And then diſſolv'd the Factious Pack,
Croſs'd thus in their Deſigns, they now
Reſolved, without more ado,
To kill the King and *Duke*; but how
To bring't about they did not know:
In divers deep Conſults they met,
Cabals were held in ev'ry Street,
Each gives his Judgment in the Caſe,
About the Manner, Time, and Place.
Hone from *Bow-Steeple*, with *Croſs Bows*,
Wou'd have them ſhot, as Men do Crows;

But

They voted, That whoſoever had killed the King, the Papiſts ſhould have gone to Pot for't. They deſign'd the Murdering him themſelves, and giving it out that the Papiſts had done it.

The true *Proteſtants* were to kill the King, and the *Papiſts* to be hang'd for't. *L'Eſtrange*, p. 159.

They did all they could to leave the King neither Money, Power, Credit, nor Friends. They made it penal even to aſſert his Regalities, or to come near his Perſon. *L'Eſtrange*'s Hiſt. p. 147.

But *Rumbald held* it better way
To blow the *Play-houſe* up, when they
Were in't; ſo end the Tragick-Play.
Others, leſs cruel, thought it fit
To ſhoot the Brothers from the Pit:
Or, as returning to *White-Hall*,
To lie in wait nigh *Bedford*-Wall,
And there to kill 'em in the Night,
Maugre their Guards, and God's Deſpite;
Or elſe, when in their Barge they were
Upon the *Thames*, to take the Air,
With a ſwift *Hoy* to over-run 'em,
Or ſuddenly to come upon 'em,
And with their Blunderbuſſes charge
The King, and ſink the Royal Barge.
(*b*) *Rye-Houſe* at laſt was pitch'd upon,
Where this black Deed was to be done.
Rye-Houſe two Miles from *Hodſdon* ſtands,
I' th' Road, and then in *Rumbald*'s Hands,
A ſingle Houſe, as you do from
New-Market up to *London* come;
Here Forty Men in Ambuſcade,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee, where to be laid;
Where they ſhould from *New-Market* paſs
Cloſe by the Door of that arm'd Place,
When an o'er turned Load of Hay
Was, for a while, to ſtop the Way;
And then the Rogues to ſally out
And charge the Coach at either *Boot*;
And *Rumbald* was to lead 'em on
And ſee the Execution done,

While

(*b*) The Hiſtory of this *Rye Houſe Plot*, entituled, *A true Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conſpiracy againſt the late King, his preſent Majeſty and the Government, as it was order'd to be publiſh'd by his late Majeſty* (K. *Cha.* 2.) printed in the *Savoy*, 1683. being ſo common, may eaſily ſpare me the Labour of Marginal Notes.

While *Walcot* was to fight the Guards
With *Blunderbuſſes*, *Pikes* and *Swords*.
As ſoon as ever News ſhould come
To *London*, that the Deed was done,
The trait'rous Lords ſhould riſe from Table,
And armed go to head the Rabble,
Who ſhould, upon the Beat of Drum,
Down from their Garrets armed come;
For thouſands ready waiting lay
Againſt the now approaching Day,
And Flying-Poſts prepared were
To carry News thro' every Shire
For their Confederates to riſe
In numerous Armies in a Trice;
So that in turning of a Hand
They'd be in Arms thro' all the Land.
But *Providence*, that orders things
And hovers over lawful Kings,
Secur'd the Brothers in her Arms
From Danger of Impending Harms:
For from *New-Market* they retire,
Forc'd by a providential Fire,
That broke out in the Evening,
Nigh to the Lodgings of the King;
This made the Brothers come away
Two Days before th' expected Day.
Thus was preſerv'd the Lord's Anointed,
Thus the damn'd Plotters diſappointed.
Remorſe of Conſcience now begins
To touch ſome of 'em for their Sins.
An Oil-Man, one that hight *Jo. Keeling*;
Was the firſt ſtruck with inward Feeling,
Goes to the King, the (*c*) Treaſon tells,
And clapt the Traytors by the Heels;

Not

(*c*) See the Depoſitions of *Murra* Laird *Philiphaugh*, *Scot* Laird of *Gallow Sheel*, *Walter* Earl of *Tarras*, *Carſtares Monroſs*, *&c.* they, and this whole *Rye-Houſe* Conſpiracy, is found in the Book abovenamed, p. 85.

Not all, for ſome, that durſt not ſtay
The Inquiſition ſneak'd away;
And others, of their own accord,
Declar'd the Thing at Council-Board.
Monmouth himſelf came and confeſt,
With *Rumſey*, *Shepherd*, *Blaney*, *Weſt*;
Some bonny *Scots* told all they knew
To ſave their Heads and Bonnets-blue;
Yet others of 'em, as *Argyle*,
To *Holland* fled and left the Iſle.
Walcot got hid, but wrote a Letter,
In which he open'd all the Matter,
In hopes thereby to ſave his Bacon,
And own'd what he had writ, (when taken)
Bourn, *Holms*, *Rouſe*, *Hone* and *crafty Lee*,
With ſundry Traytors ſuch as he,
Confeſs'd, and ſome their Pardons got,
When hanging ſhou'd have been their Lot,
Some Noble Men confeſs'd the Matter,
Ruſſel was one, a ſeaſon'd Traytor;
Howard of *Eſrick* too confeſt,
And ſo did divers of the reſt.
Algernoon Sidney, when he dy'd,
'Tis for *The good old Cauſe*, he cry'd,
Nor any Sign ſhew'd of Repentance;
Armſtrong proteſted 'gainſt his Sentence,
And to the laſt the Fact deny'd;
Thus theſe two deſp'rate Ruffians dy'd.
Old *Shaftesbury*, who but ſo late
Preſum'd to ſway the *Engliſh* State,
That teeming *England*'s monſtrous Mouſe
Death ſeiz'd in a *Dutch* Coffee-Houſe.
The Earl of *Eſſex* cut his Throat.
Thus ended they. Thus fell the Plot.

FINIS.

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